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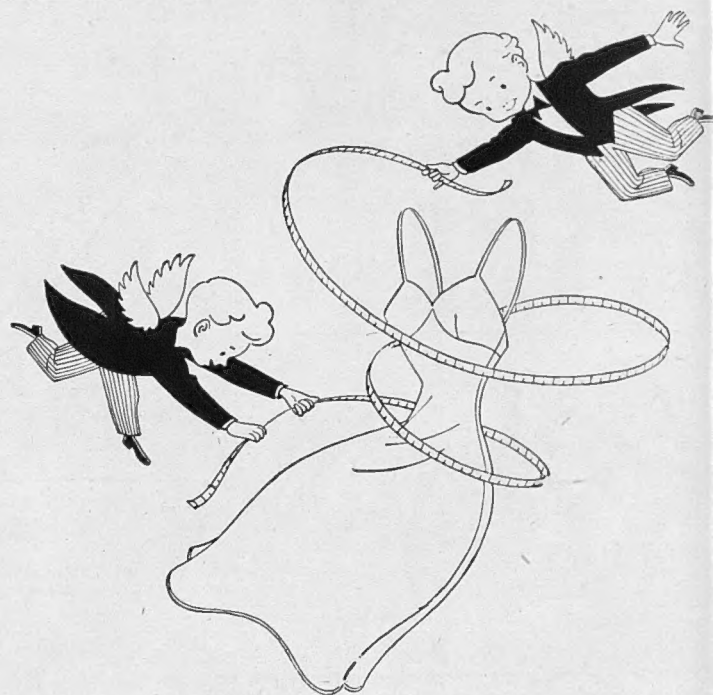
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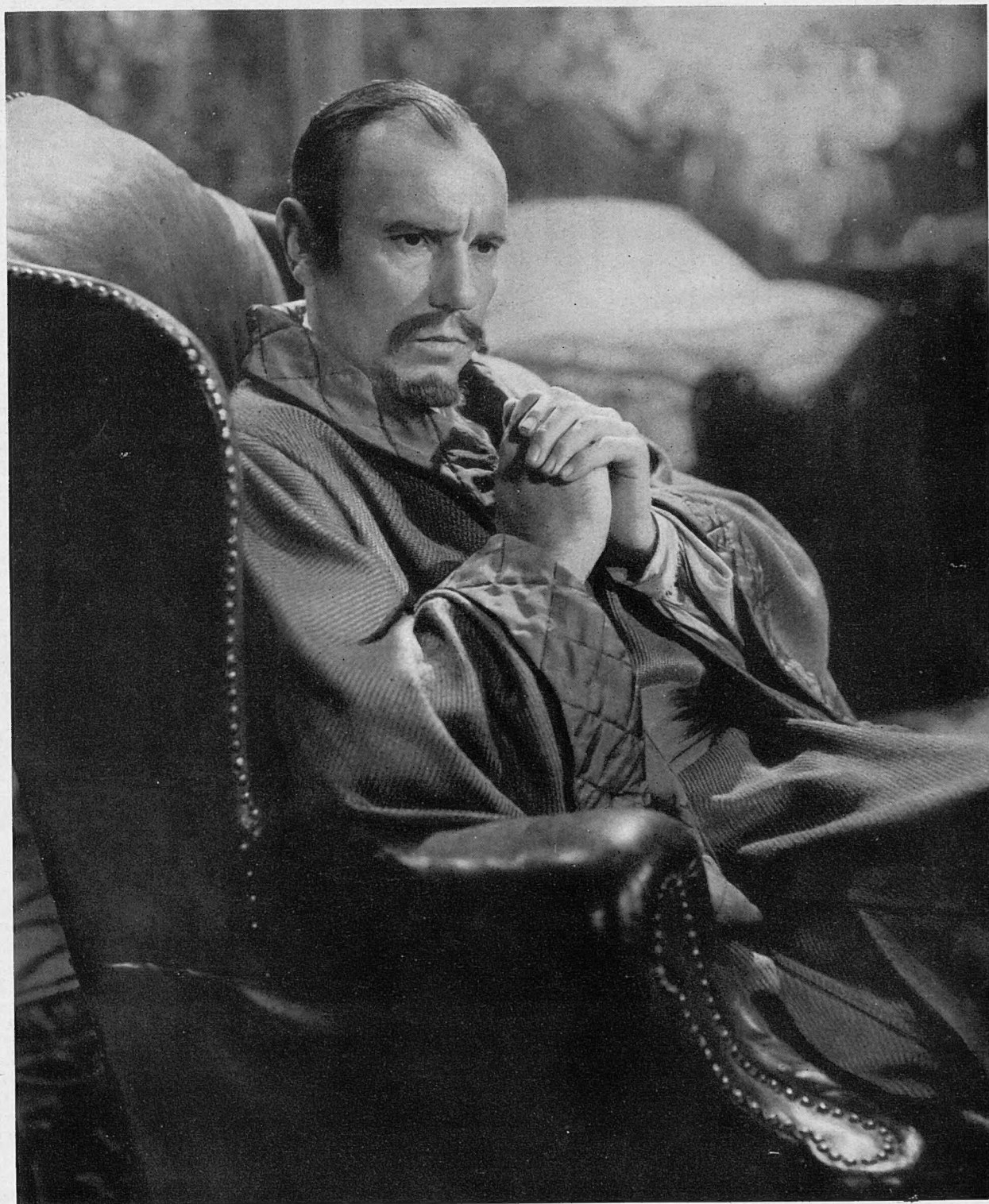
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THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON
JANUARY 14, 1948

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVII. No. 2427



Ray Hearne

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON AS COUNT KARENIN

In the forthcoming London Films production of *Anna Karenina*, Sir Ralph Richardson takes the part of the narrow, unforgiving Count whose preoccupation with his career blinds him to the fact that he is sacrificing his wife's happiness. It is not a sympathetic role, but Sir Ralph plays it with keen insight and gives it high dramatic significance. Co-starring with him is Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier) as Anna, and Kieron Moore as Count Vronsky, and the director is the famous French film personality, Jules Duvivier



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



So Old a City

SIR MAX BEERBOHM used to say, in his precise and whimsical way, that while walking along Hill Street in Mayfair he would usually affect a limp, as one recovering from an accident in the hunting field, and in that street always felt well-bred—and, though not clever, very proud and quick to resent any undue familiarity.

In contrast, the Strand utterly unmanned him, leaving only two sensations: (1) a regret that he had made such a mess of his life and (2) a craving for alcohol.

I have always agreed with him about the Strand and, of recent years, have had similar feelings about the greater part of Oxford Street. I doubt if Hill Street, as it is today, induces emotion of any distinctive kind.

Yet there are streets which retain their character. One is that of St. James's, where the clubs still slightly outnumber the offices and the atmosphere is still essentially masculine.

This normal atmosphere has undergone a change in the past few weeks. I was but vaguely aware of it at first, and wondered where the change lay. Then it came to me that there was an unusual abundance of women and children on the pavements. They were mostly in family parties, and in the kind of groups which come up for the day from the country. It was not until one morning that I went round the corner of Marlborough Gate, and saw the queues, that I solved my mild mystery: St. James's Street was the principal route to the exhibition of Princess Elizabeth's wedding presents in St. James's Palace.

A Queue—and a Moral

I FOLLOWED the queue around, into the Mall and down for a couple of hundred yards until it reached Lancaster House. A policeman told me that it took an average of four hours to get to the presents on the days of shilling admission; on Tuesdays and Thursdays less, for these were five shilling days.

Now, the last time I was near Lancaster House was over a month ago.

The Four Powers conference was still sitting—and I think "sitting" is the *mot juste*—and as I passed by at early dusk a monstrously big black limousine drove up to the front door. Two thick-set men jumped out heavily, followed by a little man who went through the door at a nervous, fussy pace.

Mr. Molotoff himself, with his guards, perhaps the very ones who rather embarrassed his hosts when he went to the House of Lords reception sometime ago, surrounded by his obviously armed watchdogs, as if he were the late Al Capone.

But no queues to see Mr. Molotoff; no queues to see Mr. Bidault; and no queues for either Mr. Marshall or Mr. Bevin. I saw these last three one morning arrive, all within three minutes, and the only public interest

was manifested by a messenger boy—and, I regret to say, another idler who was myself.

I thought then: "here is the hall-mark of a great city, a city so old in experience that one statesman more or less means nothing, a city perhaps grown careless in old age?"

Romantic Gowns

THE only thing that really stirs London is "romance," whether the synthetic kind represented by visiting film stars (but after the first day or two London won't turn its head to look) and the genuine article which is of marriage.

I wonder if, sitting up there in that big white and gold room in Lancaster House, doodling on pieces of paper in frustration and boredom, and seeing the tail end of the wedding presents queue out in the Mall, any of the delegates gave it an idle thought.

Or even if anyone in that room knew that normally when the building was the London Museum, the conference rooms were used to house the wedding dresses of other princesses of the Royal families of the past.

So if the world settles down again, and Lancaster House reverts to its more pleasant function, that magnificent wedding gown need only be transferred a few yards away, whether it be stored then in Buckingham Palace or the Royal couple's new home at Clarence House.

I always used to feel slightly embarrassed when looking at those royal robes before the

war. Especially the ones that had belonged to Queen Victoria. There was something so intimate about the display that, as a boy, I felt it bordered on *lèse-majesté*.

Queen Mary, I was once told, was a regular visitor at this wonderful exhibition of costumes, stored away these many years.

I don't remember one, however, as beautiful as the fairy-like confection I saw in Mr. Molotoff's own home-town, which is the Kremlin. A few days before in London I had seen the production of a musical play called *Casanova*, in which Lady Poulett had the part of Catherine of Russia. And here I was, quite by chance, in the Kremlin examining the wedding gown in which the Empress Catherine had been married—it appeared, to a layman such as myself, to be of spun-silver and I judged that the slim-waisted London actress could have worn it without any alteration.

The Sleeping Beauty

THE most beautiful eighteenth-century stage costumes ever made (or so it seemed at the time) were those from the designs of Leon Bakst for Diaghileff's production of *The Sleeping Beauty* in London in 1921.

They were among the last ever made by the Russian artist who revolutionized Western Europe's ideas of colour in the first decades of this century.

And the production itself makes middle-aged balletomanes shake their heads with nostalgic sadness when they think of it.

Today *The Sleeping Beauty*, as done by the Sadler's Wells troupe, draws the town whenever it is decided to put it in the repertory; twenty-five years ago this month Serge Diaghileff was facing bankruptcy at the Alhambra with his version, which was said to have cost £30,000, and certainly kept Diaghileff out of England for some years afterwards until things were straightened out.

In that memorable and sumptuous production were a number of dancers only five years removed from the Imperial regimes at the Maryinsky in St. Petersburg and the Opera House in Moscow. Yet I doubt if one was a greater artist than Margot Fonteyn who dances it today at Covent Garden with the most immaculate and breath-taking respect for its classical style.

Little Lydia Lopokova—afterwards to marry John Maynard Keynes the economist—was the centre of two of the few amusing incidents of that ill-fated production. One was on the opening night, when the magic forest's growth stuck half-way up the proscenium, and Tchaikovsky's score, and Lopokova, had to mark time until it was unstuck by stage mechanics. The other was the incident told of Diaghileff's change of title from *The Sleeping Beauty* to *The Sleeping Princess*. It was, he teased Lopokova, because if she danced the

BRIGGS—by Graham



"In my previous place we never had fuel cuts . . ."

role everyone might be confused. For Lopokova's beauty was one perhaps more of *gamine* and puck-like quality than classic.

Today the big ballet productions at Covent Garden are crowded out, and on first nights you cannot reach your stall without having to edge past a Cabinet Minister or two—including Mr. Bevin. The Government has a definite, if involved, interest in the Covent Garden productions.

Historic Door

ON that morning when I followed the queue around St. James's Palace I continued my walk along the Mall towards the Duke of York's steps. I wonder whether Mr. Bevin ever took this short cut on a fine morning between Lancaster House and his new official residence, glowing with new paint and fittings, in Carlton Gardens.

If he ever did so, he would pass a door at the foot of the Duke of York's steps which has a history. A sign says that this door, set in what is apparently a blank wall, belongs to his Foreign Office. It leads, as a matter of fact, to offices lit from skylights set in the terrace part of Carlton House Terrace. During the war they were occupied, or at least taken over, by the Dutch at first, for in 1939 (as in 1914) the building was that of the German Embassy.

Now it was through that very door on the fateful night of August 4, 1914, that there hurried a young secretary who had walked at a brisk pace across the Horse Guards Parade from the Foreign Office. In his hand he bore the declaration of war. He was led upstairs to the Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, distraught and with tears in his eyes, and to this unfortunate victim of Berlin's duplicity he handed the paper, which was one of those which ignited what the world may well come to call the other Thirty Years War.

That young man was, I think, Mr. Harold Nicolson.

I don't know what kind of emotion, if any, the Duke of York's steps stirs in Sir Max Beerbohm. I know the emotion that door stirs in me: awe.

And even were an academic investigation to prove that it was not this door, but another door a few yards away ("the late Sir Finceby Wauters told me once that Lord Foreyn said that on that particular night the ambassador was not there at all, etc., etc."), I will not be denied my story.

And to add the, perhaps irrelevant, observation that until recently the foot of the Duke of York's steps was the rallying point for German p.o.w.s engaged in sweeping the leaves from the Mall.

Revelations

A MAN told me that a week or so ago he was talking to two p.o.w.s who were hoping to be sent home shortly. They were simple farm-workers from Bavaria, and he asked them in German what sort of impression they would take home of Britain. One thought deeply and then said: "I think it is wonderful to be able to talk to a policeman with one's hands in one's pockets."

What a revealing remark!

I think the strangest story, or so it seemed to me, of my holidays was of a friend who received from Chicago of all places a very large Dundee cake. His rations rather failing towards the end of a week, he found himself on a Dundee cake diet, and very grateful to his American acquaintance and the bakers of Chicago.

Then he discovered that the cake was baked by the ubiquitous firm whose headquarters are at Cadby Hall, Kensington, W.14.

He lives in W.11.

Gordon Beckles

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

CHARLES PERRY-BIGNOLLE

Charles Perry-Bignolle, all his life
Had been *too* faithful to his wife,
Had never drunk, or whacked the kid,
Told whoppers, or black-marketed
Or sinned in any way at all
Save one. There stood inside his hall
A sort of tallboy thing or chest,
Early Victorian at the best,
And every time Charles passed it by
He used to kick it on the sly
To try and make it more antique.

He did this several times a week
Until some visitor one night
Said, "Isn't that, er, Hepplewhite?"
From that day onward Charles was lost.
He went and purchased at vast cost
Wood-worms—masses of them, shoals,
And put them into bogus holes
Made with a hammer and a nail,
Until the piece was Chippendale.

And then he walloped it with chains
And blotched it with sulphuric stains
Till it receded to Queen Anne.
Still not content, this headstrong man
Singed the french polish off with meth.
To make it Queen Elizabeth
And put old manuscripts inside—
But then, and quite time too, he died.

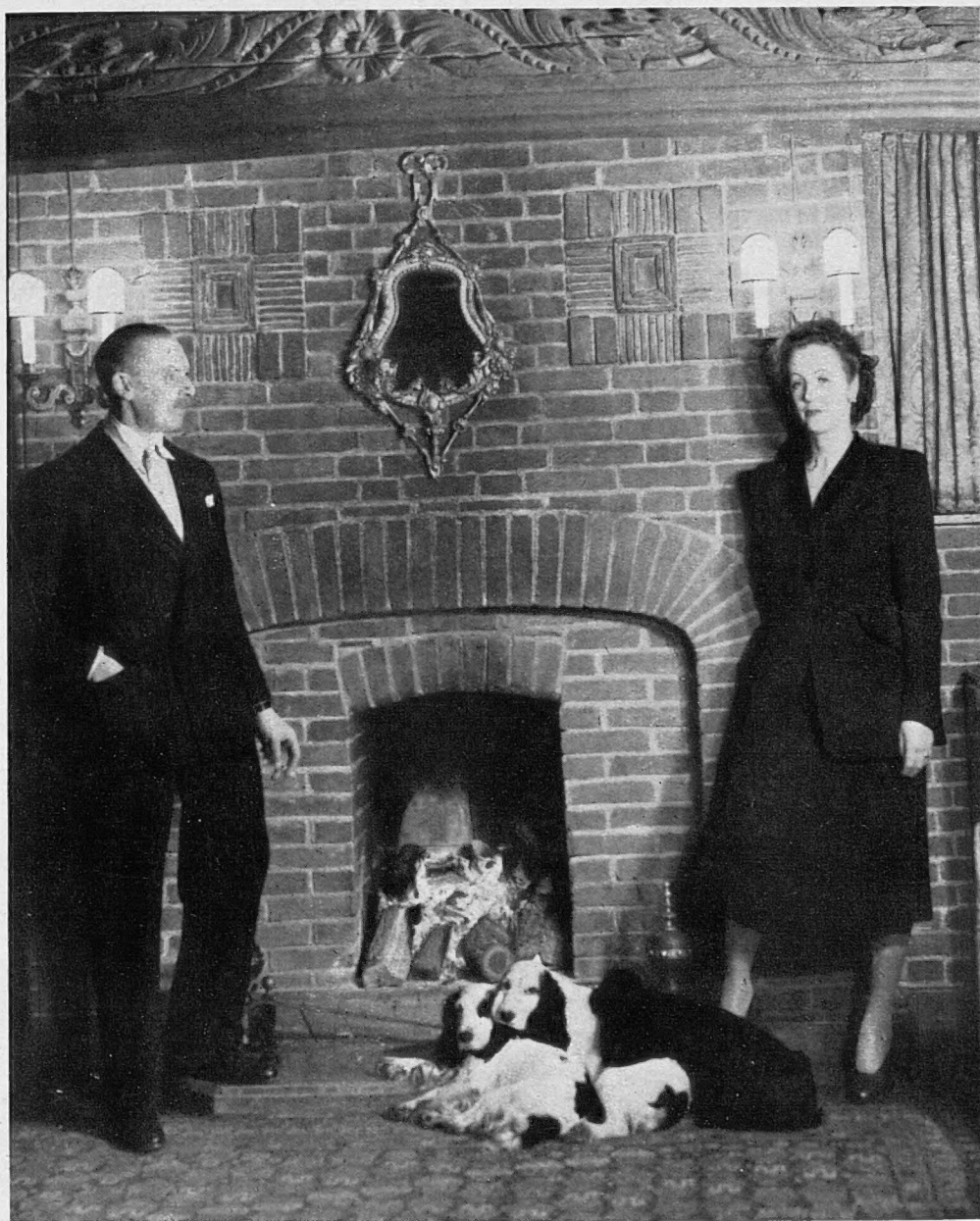
* * *

His wife, who held his honour high,
Could not, in loyalty, deny
The value that the Probate bloke
Gave this museum piece of oak.
The Duty was enormous, and
Quite ruined her, I understand.

Immoral

Worms *do* turn.

—Justin Richardson.



Swaebe

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF NORBURY in the lounge of their pleasant home, The Fishery, Maidenhead. The fifth Earl, who is the son of the late Col. James Graham-Toler, of Nenagh, Eire, inherited the earldom from his cousin in 1943. He served throughout the first World War and afterwards became the head of important missions to the stricken Continent. He is chairman of the Anglo-Arab Friendship Society. The Countess, formerly Miss Margaret Greenhalgh, is a talented painter. They have two sons, the elder, Viscount Glandine, being heir to the earldom



Sketches by Tom Titt

"*The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger*," with its flow of ripe humour and boisterous action, includes: Berinthia (Madge Elliott), a very merry widow who is not troubled by virtue; Coupler (Richard Wordsworth), an old and wily matchmaker, who knows well how to line his pockets; Lord Foppington (Cyril Ritchard), to whom fashion is the elixir of life and sentiment superfluous; Sir Tunbelly Clumsey (Hamlyn Benson), a country gentleman of ample proportions and eccentric habits; Miss Hoyden (Jessie Evans), his daughter, whose enthusiasm for her suitors is inclined to lack discrimination; Amanda (Audrey Fildes), a lady of irreproachable virtue, and her husband, Loveless (Anthony Ireland), whose roving eye cannot resist a certain pretty widow

At the Theatre "The Relapse" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

IT is one hundred and fifty years since Sir John Vanbrugh, one time H.M.'s Minister of Works and the architect of Blenheim Palace, launched his first play, now revived at the Hammersmith Lyric.

Our elders of a generation or so back considered him "witty, natural and racy, but grossly indecent beyond all the allowable bounds."

The years and the fashions have winnowed away much of Sir John's wit, but the innate humour remains, along with a jolly rumbustious coarseness which might give a modern censor cause to tap his teeth with his blue pencil, though he would probably leave the script unmolested.

By way of compensation Mr. Quayle, most admirable of modern producers, supplies wit with his direction—he has a knack of conjuring it into being by a gesture from any of his team—and has tempered the grossness with the notable beauty of his staging.

The Relapse is no subject for precious or devout revivalism: it can and does stand foursquare on its solid English foundation. For all its laces and periwigs it remains a nimble piece of farcical buffoonery not so very far removed—no more than a great uncle on the distaff side—from the works of our own Ben Travers. It deals with philanderers, crooks, impersonators, ladies in distress, mistaken identities, the lampooning of contemporary niminy-piminy balderdash and

gives magnificent opportunities for an exhibition of rollicking all-in clowning. Its modern counterpart is now upon view at the Winter Garden with Messrs. Lynn and Hare in the principal roles.

It is in short what every London management and most London audiences have been looking for and enjoying since Henslowe put up a few old-fashioned suggestions to his own tame playwright and they called the result *The Merry Wives*.

Here for adult delectation, is the rare roast beef and pickles of the mind, one of those satisfying occasions when the playgoer may settle himself and say within the first five minutes "Nothing can disturb my enjoyment now until I have to consider taxis and tubes again—not a line, not a foot, not an eyebrow will be out of place."

So much for the report: it remains to hand out the awards and the congratulations. Full marks and a bunch of highly scented artificial flowers go therefore to Mr. Cyril Ritchard for *Lord Foppington*, a triumph of tittering teetering affectation, nicely spiced with cupidity. Real flowers in a formal bouquet to Miss Madge Elliott as *Berinthia* for proving to us that she can act whilst reminding us with a pert grace how well she sings.

A special nosegay, too, for Miss Jessie Evans, whose *Miss Hoyden* would have delighted her predecessor Miss Nellie Gwyn. Since there can be no second prizes today, honourable

mentions for full-blooded, red-nosed clowning to Hamlyn Benson (*Sir Tunbelly Clumsey*) and Miss Wynne Clark for making *Nurse* as garrulous and lecherous an old baggage as ever wept a ginny tear.

The creeping *Coupler* (Richard Wordsworth) and his fellow sycophants *Serringe* (Tristram Butt) and *Bull* (Frederick Bennett) deserve similar rosettes. And before the list, which should contain a dozen further candidates, grows too tedious, let us include Mr. Anthony Quayle for the rippling grace of his production. "Easy writing" it has been said "makes damned hard reading" and by the same token slack direction makes for tedious play-going. Mr. Quayle must have worked and thought very hard indeed.

ALONG with this fulsomeness should go a word of warning. Already scheduled at the Lyric is the next production, and whilst Messrs. Tennent will no doubt find a West End home for this entertainment, the baroque splendours of the Hammersmith theatre form the ideal frame for Miss Jeannette Cochrane's settings, so that stage and auditorium mingle in a succession of compositions which would have delighted Sickert and kept Orpen or Rowlandson in material for a twelve-month.

Penurious artists should attend the gallery forthwith, and for the rest of us any seat in the house should prove value for money.

P. Y. C.

THE GOSSIP BACKSTAGE

by

Beaumont Kent.

WITH the Arts Council sponsoring the venture, Sir Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, and a company of forty leave on February 14 for their tour of Australia and New Zealand. They will be away until the end of November. They open at Perth, W. Australia, with *The School for Scandal* towards the end of March, and Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin follow. The repertoire also includes *Richard III* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*, in which Miss Leigh made her outstanding hit.

One prominent member of the company is George Relph, who has done such fine work with the Old Vic and is now scoring as Grumio in *The Taming of the Shrew* at the New. When he leaves the cast at the end of this month, Kenneth Connor will take over the part.

DUE next Wednesday, *The Mastersingers* will be the first Wagnerian opera to be produced at Covent Garden since pre-war days. It will be sung in English by Victoria Sladen (Eva), Frank Sale (Walter), Hans Hotter (Hans Sachs) and Grahame Clifford (Beckmesser). Karl Rankl will conduct.

Kirsten Flagstad will be heard in *Tristan and Isolde* (Feb. 19) and *The Valkyrie* (March 3). Both will be sung in German. The singing in all the Wagnerian productions is under the direction of the veteran Herr W. Salomon who, until he fled from Germany before the war, had for many years been director of the operatic school in Frankfurt. From 1908 he was regularly engaged at Bayreuth.

LEE EPHRAIM has some interesting plans in hand. One of his first productions will be the romantic musical play *Carissima*, written by Eric Maschwitz to Hans May's score. The setting is in New York and Venice. It will eventually succeed *Charley's Aunt* at the Palace.

PRESENTED by Jack De Leon in association with the Daniel Mayer company, Ronald Wilkinson's *Mountain Air* opens at the Comedy on January 22. This comedy deals with a holiday in Switzerland, introducing a number of British and other amusing types of holidaymakers who are guests in the house of an eccentric Swiss professor, a part played by Martin Millar.

Others in the cast will include Avice Landone, Margaret Goodman, Geoffrey Sumner and Michael Evans (as a couple of ex-R.A.F. men), Stephen Jack (as an inquisitive Scot) and Mary Martlew.

WHEN Travers Otway's play of school life *The Hidden Years* opens at the Fortune on January 23 it will have much the same cast as when it was originally presented at The Boltons Theatre. It includes Ray Jackson (a schoolboy), Nigel Clarke (the housemaster), Anthony Oliver, James Hayter and Douglas Seal. In the cast of thirteen there is only one woman—Freda Devon, who plays the matron.

The author refuses to divulge his real name, feeling that if he did his position at a certain public school would become untenable.

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for the early presentation in New York of J. B. Priestley's *The Linden Tree*, most successful of all his plays. Boris Karloff will appear as the Professor, the part so brilliantly played in London by Sir Lewis Casson, and the rest of the cast, I hear, will be all-British. The play is to be produced by Maurice Evans, and will tour a few cities before opening on Broadway about February 23.

THE Carl Rosa company open their 1948 season on January 26 with a fortnight at the Lewisham Hippodrome. The company includes Janet Howe, Tara Barry and Ivan Dixon, and the conductors are Arthur Hammond and Vilem Tausky.

SHOW GUIDE

Pantomimes

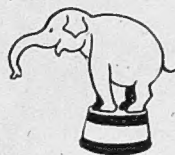


CASINO—*Cinderella* presented by Emile Littler. This is a magnificent anti-austerity production. Cinders is played by Carole Lynne, and Arthur Askey (Big-Hearted as ever) is once again the perfect Buttons both in size and personality.

DAVIS THEATRE, CROYDON—*Little Miss Muffet* (who saw that spider sit down beside her) has Ethel Revnell, most precocious of precocious children, in the title role, with lovely Evelyn Laye, our most decorative Principal Boy, as Little Boy Blue.

PRINCES—*The Babes in the Wood*. Jill Manners sings entrancingly as Principal Boy, while what could be badder than Monsewer Eddie Gray's bad, bad Baron? The Babes are abducted most successfully by George Gee and Charles Cameron.

Circuses



HARRINGAY ARENA—*Tom Arnold's Mammoth Circus*. Presenting Chipperfield's twenty Indian elephants, Schumann's thirty horses, Christian's Dog Review, and thirty clowns, with the Polo Rivals family and innumerable stars of the sawdust.

OLYMPIA—*Bertram Mills Circus*. Includes Triska's White Devils, "thrills on the high wire," Edoardo, "the most outstanding juggler of all time," the Elephant Ballet, the Mills Equestrian Display, the Coco Family, "wholesale comedy merchants," and all the fun of the fair.

Musicals

ADELPHI—*Bless the Bride*. C. B. Cochran's delightful period operetta has grace, charm and music which lingers long in the memory. The author and composer are A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, and the leading singers that fine French artiste Georges Guétary and Lizbeth Webb.

AMBASSADORS—*Sweetest and Lowest*. Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever, lend their own particular brand of sophistication to the New Year spirit.

COLISEUM—*Annie, Get Your Gun*. This tough and melodious musical comes from America as do its two leading stars who shine so brightly. They are Dolores Gray, who finds that "You Can't Get a Man with a Gun," and dashing Bill Johnson.

DRURY LANE—*Oklahoma!* This outstanding U.S. success is tuneful, decorative and moves with transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—*One, Two, Three!* Binnie and Sonnie Hale, whose resourceful talents lead this show, cut a million capers in their various disguises and with equal success give us a few moments of themselves.

GLOBE—*Tuppence Coloured*. Wit, sparkle and song are supplied adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, whose satire is never unkind but scores a bull's eye every time. Elisabeth Welch's singing is always pleasing to the ear, and Max Adrian is equally at home as a member of the canine breed or the most eccentric of signalmen.

HIPPODROME—*Starlight Roof*. Vic Oliver, Pat Kirkwood, Fred Emney, that immense barrel of humour, a big cast and Melachrino's music make this a vintage evening.

PRINCE OF WALES—*Piccadilly Hayride*. That master of mime and mimicry, that incomparable impersonator of the "spiv," Sid Field, takes you on a grand and glorious tour.

VICTORIA PALACE—*Together Again*. Spend several crazy hours with the Crazy Gang in the presence of Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox and Naughton and Gold and you will certainly shake the dust of depression off your feet.

Old Favourites

COMEDY—*Daddy Long Legs*. Matinees only except Mondays. This thirty-year-old romance is wearing well and Penelope Bartley is delightful as Judy while Anthony Hawtrey makes a pleasant Prince Charming.

PALACE—*Charley's Aunt*. This old favourite of University life in the bad old days, when play was more important than work, is more outrageously funny than ever, as are its complications and its protagonists.

ST. JAMES'S—*Treasure Island*. Robert Louis Stevenson's incomparable adventure story is here again with pirates and hidden treasure, while Long John Silver's malignant personality dominates the scene.



SAVILLE—*Sim Sala Bim*. Dante, the Master of Magic, returns with a host of new tricks.

SCALA—*Peter Pan*. This year Peter is played by film star Phyllis Calvert, whilst her husband, Peter Murray Hill, takes the dual roles of the amiable Mr. Darling and the ferocious Captain Hook—with crocodile to taste.

STRAND—*The Wizard of Oz*. This charming American fairy tale, which has much tuneful music and many endearing characters, such as the eccentric Wizard himself, the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion, returns in a new and vastly improved form for a season in the West End.

WESTMINSTER—*Maskelyne's Christmas Magic*. Another wizard weaves his spells with incomparable mystery and surprise.

Comedies

HAYMARKET—*Present Laughter*. Noel Coward's sparkling piece about the turbulent private life of a famous actor is forever safe in the hands of Hugh Sinclair as Garry Essendine.

PICCADILLY—*Off the Record*. This successful naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. As are the performances of "Admiral" Hugh Wakefield, Jack Allen as the most pseudo of Lieutenant-Commanders, Bill Gates an equally at sea M.P. and Tom Gill a magnificently dumb Flag Lieutenant.

VAUDEVILLE—*The Chiltern Hundreds* by Douglas Home. A. E. Matthews's delightfully inconsequent peer, Michael Shepley's magnificent butler and Marjorie Fielding's unruffled peeress all gracefully burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

WHITEHALL—*Worm's Eye View*. R. F. Delderfield's very funny R.A.F. comedy concerns trouble with a landlady, with a landlady's daughter, and a host of complications which go to make a side-splitting evening. Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs have the leading parts.

WINTER GARDEN—*Outrageous Fortune* by Ben Travers. That absurd pair, Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare more hilariously absurd in character and conduct than ever, ramble in and out of the black market to the tune of Mr. Hare's "Oh torment! Oh, pandemonium! Oh, topsy turvy!"



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Crimes and Passions

ONE of the week's new films is likely to emerge as lively after the passage of ten years as the *Pygmalion* of Anthony Asquith and the late Leslie Howard by Bernard Shaw out of Wendy Hiller. Scratched and patched as the copy was which I saw (pending last-minute grooming before its revival at the Astoria), the film still has the stimulating distinction it had ten years ago, which Shaw's play had for a quarter of a century before that. Although I cannot look forward to revisiting any of the new batch with comparable enjoyment ten years hence, they nevertheless offer a more varied selection of crimes and passions for our delight than we have learned to expect in these lean years; and one at least, *Crossfire* (at the New Gallery), demands clamantly to be taken seriously—the first Hollywood film for many months to make such a claim.

The difficulty about taking *Crossfire* seriously is that it has not had enough courage in its convictions to get straight to its very important point. The audience must first be battered into submission by a combined operation of the stale sadism which the film trade aptly labels "thick-ear" and an assault on our sympathy through the equally familiar resettlement troubles of American Servicemen.

MOST people, I think, have had as much as they can take of the brute force which has become Hollywood's richest vein of inspiration. Every time we get to the inevitable ugly display—in *Crossfire* it is a particularly vicious brand of face-slapping—I personally feel as though it were my own head that was being battered to a pulp; and the better the film the worse the beating. To be purged by pity and terror for art's sake is one thing; to suffer sadism in the name of entertainment quite another.

On the other hand, I find myself increasingly embarrassed by the self-pitiful soul-searchings of young American manhood—as presented in American films. The problems of the *Crossfire* group awaiting demobilization are too superficially analysed and characterized to justify their whimpers. Nice young Corporal Mitchell (very nicely played by George Cooper) suffering from some starry-eyed form of postwar blues, is the type of soldier too gentle to kill a man even where "they give you medals for it"; yet it is he on whom suspicion falls for the apparently motiveless murder of an inoffensive Jew. The bright one of the buddies (Robert Mitchum)—a newspaperman naturally—is the familiar cynic with a heart like a sweet potato. The third is a criminal type, as boring as offensive.

THERE is no whodunit nonsense about this murder. We are very soon certain that the criminal could only be the bullying soldier Montgomery (about which respected military name there is scornful badinage, in deplorable

taste if conscious, if unconscious reprehensibly careless). Efficient Police Captain Finlay (Robert Young) feels certain, too; but he has painstakingly to track down evidence in support of the motive he early recognizes as rabid anti-Semitism in its most virulent form. Here at last is the point and purpose of the film: an indictment of hatred in general and of anti-Semitism in particular.

"DARING!" "Outspoken!" scream the posters of this picture. Daring it may have been even to take up the timely and thorny question of growing anti-Semitism. But the film is careful to keep a safe distance from any of the tangled roots of the poison.

It is left to Captain Finlay, in one powerfully acted and directed scene, to put into plain speech the text on which the picture fails to preach: "You start perhaps by not inviting them to dinner. Then you refuse to let them live, to let them work. And you end up with a hatred like Monty's." But it is too late, too isolated from the rest of the picture to be more than a sermon, however edifying.

Edward Dmytryk is never a dull director and he has achieved many forceful scenes; particularly impressive is his contrast of long shot and close-up with a minimum of the medium, theatre-stalls perspective. But he has not integrated his propaganda message with the action of the film, which falls between two stools. As entertainment it remains conventional "thick-ear" with a startling punch at the end. As propaganda it muffs its message by over-simplification: Montgomery is too extreme a straitjacket case of pathological sadism, of paranoia, to carry any argument from his particular fanaticism to the general dangers of unchecked thoughtless prejudice. If *Crossfire* is nevertheless a considerable picture, that is thanks, above all, to Robert Young's perfect performance as the Police Captain.



MR. YOUNG has always been a creditable film actor. We remember him as a chubby-faced young light comedian. Lately, in a dreary bit of trash called *They Won't Believe Me*, he excelled as a spineless, despicable cad. With no artificial aids, except perhaps a slightly different haircut, he becomes the strong, upright police officer, a man of mature self-discipline who, however weary, can turn on the precisely right note of patient but firm authority to convince a screaming night-life slut that he will stand no nonsense, or can release the glowing eloquence of idealism; all with the same complete concealment of the actor's craft which can sometimes make film acting seem so much subtler an art than the broader acting of the stage.

Mr. Young's performance establishes him in the very first rank of screen actors anywhere. It does not suffer, for example, seen beside that of Louis Jouvet, who by a coincidence also transforms himself by the merest *souçon* of a moustache into a ruthless, efficient, but still

humane, police inspector, for *Quai des Orfèvres*, at the Rialto.

The French Inspector is quite properly a more sophisticated type than the American, a *désenchanté* doting only on the little black son he has brought back from colonial service; and trained to the refinements of the *crimes passionnels* he has to investigate. The *crime passionnel* may—and increasingly often does—occur in these islands; but it remains an alien concept to English habit of mind as well as to English law. We tend to grow impatient with the poor sap of a husband whose jealousy of his vital, ambitious, but exemplarily devoted actress wife leads them to the chaotic situation where both have tried to commit a murder, though neither in fact has done it.

The opening scenes smell agreeably of the greasepaint, scent and hot lights of Paris music-hall, backstage life; but with mutual suspicion run riot, the film settles down as a conventional, competent French passion-cum-crime drama, whose later scenes are distinguished by Jouvet's brilliant acting.

A *crime passionnel* is again waiting round every turn in *The Private Affairs of Bel Ami*, at the Empire, a Hollywood version this time of De Maupassant's Paris. It might have been much more Hollywood. Albert Lewin, the director and screen-playwright, is one of the few citizens of the film colony who have preserved a consistent taste for the culture of Europe. Perhaps because he is slightly deaf, this mild little man—a close collaborator of the late Irving Thalberg—has been able to survive years as a Hollywood producer and remain ready to take such opportunities as offer to indulge his taste.

George Sanders is a tricky type of personality: a strong, virile hunk of tolerably handsome manhood, whose sardonic early Edwardian English intonation lifts him out of the contemporary tough-guy class. What part could be more perfectly suited to him than that of a typical nineteenth-century Parisian seducer? None of the other characters is so accurately cast, though Ann Dvorak and Angela Lansbury give pleasure in their different manners as Madeleine and Clotilde. Nobody seems to age by a day except Miss Katherine Emery as Madame Walter, who suddenly turns white overnight; and the film is full of gross absurdities which still do not prevent a whiff of the authentic period and place from being achieved by what is, on the whole, a respectable Hollywood repertory performance in an alien idiom.

I REGRET having no space left to spare on *The Mark of Cain* (fratricide, poison, pretty widow-in-the-dock), showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket and Pavilion, Marble Arch. As I saw it on December 31, I may be allowed to forget it as a last-minute claimant to be considered the worst film of 1947. Mention of which reminds me that I want to confess to a lapse of memory in having omitted from my best films of the old year the French *Sarajevo*, which gave me more personal delight than any but *Vivere in Pace*.



SIOBHAN
McKENNA

This attractive young actress from Cork, in Eire, is the daughter of Eoin McKenna, Professor of Mathematical Physics at University College, Galway. While studying for her Arts degree Siobhan (pronounced "Shuvawn") became greatly interested in the University's Gaelic Theatre and played parts so far removed as Lady Macbeth and Mary Rose. Her next step was to join the Abbey Theatre when taking a post-graduate course in Dublin and she soon became the leading juvenile. Last spring she was seen in the West End in *The White Steed* at the Whitehall Theatre. She acted a three-minute part in the film *Hungry Hill* with a distinction which brought her to the lively attention of the public, and is seen here in her latest film role, that of the tragic servant girl Emmy in *Daughter of Darkness*, Alliance Studios' new film based on the play *They Walk Alone*, by Max Catto, produced at the Shaftesbury in 1939



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



*His Excellency the
Persian Ambassador,
M. Mohsen Rais*

half historically important years, is Persia's new Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's, His Excellency M. Mohsen Rais.

Few men in the profession serving in London have had the opportunity of watching history being made in so many capitals—at the crucial hour. None has followed his father as the Vansittart of the State, Director-General of the Foreign Office, as did Rais.

AFTER starring as centre-forward in the secondary school in his native Teheran, Rais collected first-class honours in law at Geneva, and returned to Berne as Third Secretary at twenty-seven, in 1923. Swiftly he rose to Counsellor in Paris, assumed headship of the treaty department in Teheran, and by thirty-nine was chief of mission in a key capital. Rais remembers graphically the care Hitler's gentry exercised to ensure that he, like all heads of leading missions, was served with the correct propaganda dosage. Thus, at the annual party rally and the beer nights, he would be fired at by Schacht and Keitel and Rosenberg.

In 1938, Munich year, Rais returned to Teheran, in the precise post formerly held by his father, permanent chief of the Foreign Office, seventeen years after entering its sacred doors. Then he witnessed the Germans entering Bucharest, where he had presented Letters of Credence to Carol. In Belgrade he visited Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia while Peter was growing up to succeed the assassinated ruler, Alexander.

For the intellectual, cultivated young diplomatist there was more drama in store. Vichy provided the scene in 1942, and the jigsaw puzzle included seeing the daily walk in the park by the elderly Pétain, and official meetings with (the popularly hated) Laval, Foreign Minister.

TOWARDS the end of this black year Rais returned to the Orient, now Minister to Persia's oil-rich neighbour, Iraq. Here in one of the key cities in the Middle East, Baghdad, he remained four years, successfully settling sundry current problems, and one of considerable significance concerning the Kurds.

Rais has strong hands, appreciative ears, enjoys music and architecture, listens to his wife's playing on the piano. Among professional diplomatists he is in the highest grade. He knows the inside of the calling, and tells his stories with the rare air that compels friends to ponder.

Persia stands at one of the cross-roads, and not merely because her 15,000,000 inhabitants, occupying an area seven times that of the British Isles, possess vast supplies of liquid gold in her oil-wells. Her envoy in London is of a stature equal to his country's responsibilities and opportunity.

A DOLF HITLER glanced about his Berlin study, noted the celebrities he had ordered to witness the presentation of the Oriental Envoy's Letters of Credence, and graciously smiled, for the thirty-nine-year-old Minister Plenipotentiary from the Shah of Persia surprised him by speaking fluent German. Hitler understood only German, and was saved the painful embarrassment of an interpreter.

The youngest envoy to Hitler, who remained in Berlin for three-and-a-



Señor and Señora Blanco Fombona, H.E. Señora Oropesa and H.E. Dr. Oropesa, the Venezuelan Ambassador, Señorita Blanco Fombona, Cultural Attaché at the Venezuelan Embassy, who gave the party at her Kensington home, and Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald

A Party for the Venezuelan Ambassador

Given by Señorita Blanco Fombona



Dr. Cabana, Counsellor at the Venezuelan Embassy, dancing with his wife



H.E. Señora Oropesa and H.E. Dr. Jimenez O'Farrill, the Mexican Ambassador



H.E. Dr. Oropesa and Señora Oropesa, Señorita Blanco Fombona and Capt. Cazalet, R.N.



Miss M. MacMans with Dr. Vascones, Secretary of the Ecuador Legation



Mrs. Montgomery-Williams and Lt. Carrington, R.N., two more of the guests



H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador, Dr. Moniz de Aragao, with Sir Harold and Lady Hood



The midnight procession makes its way through the revellers at the Albert Hall during what was unanimously voted the best Chelsea Arts Ball since many years before the war. Some 2000 people were looking down from the boxes and balconies at the sight

High Carnival Reigned at the Chelsea Arts Ball



Mrs. Rawnsley, wife of Mr. David Rawnsley, the film designer, with Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke



Mr. Ashton and Viscountess Rothermere, who married Lord Rothermere in 1945



Brig. Jack Profumo, dressed as a policeman, dancing with film-star Valerie Hobson



Lady Diana Duff Cooper, wife of Mr. A. Duff Cooper, and Mr. Philip Jordan



Mrs. Alexander, the Hon. John Norton, son and heir of Lord Grantley, and Mrs. Rawlinson



Mrs. Bobby Roberts, Lord Kilmarnock and the Marchioness of Bath were all in costume



Mr. E. Stevens and Lord Brabazon of Tara watching the festivities with interest



Dorothy Wilding

Lady Eden and Her Four Daughters, Miss Caroline Ann Eden, Miss Meriell Rose Eden, Miss Amelia Mary Eden, and Miss Elfrida Charlotte Eden. Lady Eden is the wife of Sir Timothy Eden, the eighth baronet, who has written many clever and amusing books. Elder brother of Mr. Anthony Eden, he succeeded his father in 1915, and has served in both World Wars. Lady Eden, who was formerly Miss Edith Prendergast, married Sir Timothy in 1923. They live at Lyndhurst, in the New Forest

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE departure of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone for South Africa, fitting most fortunately with the return of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh from Sandringham, enabled the Athlones, with their usual thoughtful kindness, to offer their Kensington Palace home, the Clock House, to the young-marrieds as a temporary London residence while the Ministry of Works people are still busy with the somewhat extensive alterations and redecorations necessary at Clarence House before that Victorian house can be ready for occupation by the Princess and her husband; and the Princess and the Duke accepted the offer most gladly and gratefully.

The Athlones' visit to South Africa is purely a holiday trip, a return to the friendly, hospitable country where they made such a deep and lasting impression and where they acquired a host of friends during the Earl's long spell as Governor-General. No definite period has been planned for their stay in the Union, but it will be several months before they return to London. Lord Athlone, who is seventy-three, has not been in the most robust of health lately, and

the sunshine of South Africa will be of much benefit to him, as will also the stimulation of meeting his old friend Field Marshal Smuts.

If Clarence House is still not ready for Princess Elizabeth and her husband by the time the Athlones return, they will transfer to the Princess's own old "flat" at Buckingham Palace if the Duke's naval duties still keep him in London. But it is possible that he will be transferred elsewhere after a comparatively short spell at the Admiralty, and Windlesham Moor, the country house in Surrey which the Royal couple have leased from Mrs. Warwick Bryant, will be available as a week-end home, even if demands of Service duty prevent the Duke from taking up permanent residence there.

THE New Year was ushered in at Sandringham in the traditional style. There was only a quiet family party, members of which after dinner danced to a gramophone and enjoyed several Scotch reels before midnight to music played by the King's piper, who later piped in the New Year. In Ireland Mrs. Brinsley Plunket gave a New Year's Eve

dance at her lovely home, Luttrellstown Castle, to which guests came from miles around. As is always the way with Mrs. Plunket's parties, this was a beautifully-arranged dance, and although I was not able to be there, I have heard from many friends what a wonderful evening it was.

In London there were many celebrations, one of the most original of which was the "Egg Nog" party in true American style given by Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Williams in their charming flat overlooking Regent's Park. Then there was the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall, where several thousand dancers provided a gay and colourful scene. Fancy dresses ranged from full period costumes to bathing-suits, with numerous Highlanders, Harlequins, South Sea islanders, soldiers and sailors.

As midnight struck, the dancers gathered round the impressive and clever giant-sized models made by the students of various art schools, and sang "Auld Lang Syne" as this cavalcade of colour began to move slowly round the ring. One of the best of these models was a wagon covered with an enormous black-and-white-checked cloth to represent a chess-board,

on which students, wearing red and white robes decorated in silver and ingenious wigs made out of strips of paper, took their stand.

THREE bands played throughout the evening, and amongst the crowd of dancers, who all said it was the best Chelsea Arts Ball for years, I saw the Duke of Devonshire's daughters, Lady Anne and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish; Sir Evelyn Broughton, dressed as a sailor; Mrs. Denis Alexander and Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, looking resplendent in French eighteenth-century costumes complete with white wigs. Sir Anthony was in black and gold brocade and Lady Meyer in red taffeta with a green-and-gold front. They told me they have now moved in to their London home in Cottage Place, Brompton.

Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal was looking quite lovely in a pink-and-white striped Regency dress. Her sister, Lady Rose Maclaren, I saw dancing with Mr. Christopher Petherick. Miss Angela Cross was a Dutch girl; Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson, wearing a blue Elizabethan dress, was dancing with Mr. Humphrey Humphreys, and others there were Miss Joan Speir, Miss Virginia Forbes-Adam, Miss Vivien Mosley, Mr. Freddie Shaughnessy and his half-sister, Viscountess Kimberley, who was dancing with Mr. Michael Dawson. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp's daughter, Patricia, looked pretty in scarlet and was sitting-out with Mr. Lionel Otley.

Amongst the most effective costumes in the room was Lady Diana Cooper's black dress and black ostrich-feather bearskin, which I feel must have been bought in Paris. She was there with Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, who was given a G.C.M.G. next day in the New Year Honours List. The "land-girl" outfit, complete with breeches and long stockings, worn by the vivacious and good-looking Marchioness of Bath was amusing; and there was another guest wearing a really lovely black velvet period dress and wide-brimmed hat of the same material, representing Lady Castlemaine in her famous portrait. Lady Willoughby de Broke looked attractive with a white cap and apron.

AMONG those who had boxes were Lady Brigid Mansfeld, whom I saw dancing with the Earl of Jellicoe, and Señor and Señora de las Barcanas from the Spanish Embassy, she looking quite lovely in an Elizabethan dress and her husband dressed as an Elizabethan courtier. With them were the new commercial Attaché at the Spanish Embassy, Señor Alba, dressed as a chef, and his very pretty blonde wife, in an eighteenth-century Austrian dress. Another member of this Embassy at the ball was Señor Nadal, dressed as a British sailor. He was in a box with Lady Patricia Hibbert, who wore a mantilla with her evening dress. Others I saw were Miss Mala Brand, who was dressed as a sailor in Nelson's day with a shiny top-hat; Lady Gloria Fisher, looking sweet in a period crinoline gown; Mr. John Buchan, Mr. Timothy Tufnell, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Donegall, who were not in fancy dress, though Lord Donegall wore a green Tyrolean hat and a little beard! Mr. Alfred Bossom had a box, and so did Viscountess Rothermere, who wore a Grecian costume.

MY Editor recently received the following letter, which is so charming in its sincerity that we are reproducing it in full. It is from Mme. Lemb, Collège de Vitre, Le François, Marne, France. Firstly, I would like to say that everyone who has seen the Royal wedding presents knows what a really magnificent gift this beautiful Sèvres dinner service is.

"We were all delighted reading in THE TATLER the vivid description of the Royal wedding. Only one point wants to be cleared up: that is why I take the liberty of writing to you. In the Royal Wedding Number, Jennifer writes in her 'Social Journal' at the bottom of page 298 — 'the fine Sèvres tea set from the people of France.' The people of France did not offer a tea set, but a dinner service of 144 articles with a gold monogram 'E' and crown on a blue-and-white background. It was presented by M. and Mme. Auriol. Paris offered a blonde tortoiseshell toilet set with the arms of Paris

engraved in silver. Though we are nowadays far from the land of wealth and plenty, we would hate our English friends to think we are mean on such a grand occasion. I beg you to believe me most sincerely yours, S. LEMB."

How nice it is to hear that in the midst of all their recent difficulties the people of France enjoyed reading in this paper about the wedding of our beloved Princess Elizabeth to the Duke of Edinburgh.

MISS DORICE STAINER arranged a wonderful children's party in the ballroom of the Dorchester in aid of Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, and this excellent cause must have benefited considerably, as the room was crowded with hundreds of little guests who are pupils at Miss Stainer's dancing classes in London and all over the country. There was a delicious tea, ending up with ice-cream, which was followed by a cabaret done entirely by some of the young guests. These included enchanting little Susan Rodney-David, who was wearing a frilly dress of midnight-blue taffeta and poke-bonnet. She danced a can-can with Carolyn Nielson, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nielson, in rose-pink taffeta, with two other tiny girls, Vicky Mann and Penelope Knight. The Earl and Countess of Lindsay's younger daughter, Lady Mary Lindesay, was one of three girls dressed in red, white and blue dancing a gay and slick Victory Polka. Lady Gwendoline Lathom's little daughter, Susan, was one of the chorus in the "Little Boy Blue" dance, where the lead was taken by Baroness Dirsztay's little girl, Diane.

In one turn Virginia Finlayson took the part of a jockey in the "Jockey Dance"; she is another pretty child, and in the competition for "best head-dresses representing characters from nursery rhymes or fairy tales" she wore the



Bertram Park

Miss Jane Trafford, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Cecil Trafford, of Dunburgh House, Geldston, Norfolk. Her mother is a daughter of the late Sir Hugh Clifford, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., the Colonial Governor, and her father is the younger brother of Major Sigismund Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk

head-dress of one of the Ugly Sisters. During the parade Stewart Granger, who was one of the judges, picked her out, not as wearing the best head-dress, but as being the prettiest little girl. One of the prizes for the best head-dress was won by fascinating little Tania Heald, who wore an original and pretty head-dress representing "oranges and lemons, the bells of St. Clement's."

Among mothers at the party were the Countess of Lindsay and Lady Gwendoline Lathom,



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. June Barrie, eldest daughter of Lady Abertay and the late Lord Abertay, the banker and shipowner, of Tullybelton, Bankfoot, Perthshire, who was presented at one of the Royal Garden Parties last spring. She is a popular member of the Perth Drag Hunt

who had a joint table for twenty-four; Mrs. Freddie Hennessy, who brought her little girl, Susie; Lady (Charles) Maclean, who brought a small son and daughter; Lady Worsley-Taylor, who brought Annette; the Countess of Birkenhead and her two children, and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, with her pretty little girl. The film world was well represented at a table where Stewart Granger sat with his wife and adorable children, Jamie and Lindsay; Glynis Johns with her two-year-old son, Gareth, in bright red trousers, and Mrs. Denis Price with her two little girls, Susie and Tessa. When the dancing started it was interesting to see how quickly these children picked their partners and how well they danced together.

ANOTHER very enjoyable children's affair was the Christmas party at the Hungaria. Here the little guests were entertained after tea and ices by an excellent Punch and Judy show and a first-rate conjurer. When these had finished a dance band arrived, and the floor was soon crowded to overflowing with little boys and girls all dancing exceedingly well.

Among the children I noticed taking a great interest in the conjurer were Lady Marye Pepys with her sisters, Davina and Gillian, all dressed alike in enchanting cherry-red taffeta dresses. They came with their attractive mother, the Countess of Cottenham. At the next table sat little Jennifer Evison with her granny, Mrs. A. V. Alexander, and Lady Graham Cunningham. Sir Torquil and Lady Munro's six-year-old son, Jamie, very smart in his kilt of the Munro tartan, stood near these little girls, intent on the wonders of magic. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy brought her fourteen-year-old daughter, Maunagh, who is a delightfully natural girl with charming manners, as well as her younger daughter, Susie, who is only nine; they were sitting at a table with attractive Mrs. George Farrar and her two sons, David and Robin Ewart.

Sir Dermot Cusack-Smith's little daughter, Berry, was another child I noticed enjoying the party and wearing one of the pretty carnival hats which were given to all the children as well as musical toys and rattles.

Another enjoyable afternoon I spent with children at Emile Littler's magnificent pantomime *Cinderella*, at the London Casino. This is a really beautiful production. It was my second visit, as I was there on the opening night, when H.M. Queen Mary was present in a box with H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and her two elder children, the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra. This first night was in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors.

Wedding of Miss Pamela Strickland



Mr. Donagh MacDonagh, the author of "Happy as Larry," and his wife at the first night at the Criterion. Mr. MacDonagh is a County Court judge in Wexford

First Nights



The Countess of Craven and Lord Gifford, who is the fifth baron, were also in the audience at "Happy as Larry"



Noel Coward with Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, Valerie Hobson and Anthony Havelock-Allan at "Macbeth" at the Aldwych



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Sherek at the Aldwych. Mrs. Sherek is Viscount Falmouth's only sister



Major and Mrs. Ben van der Gucht after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bridegroom is the son of Major and Mrs. G. T. van der Gucht, of Camberley, and the bride is the elder daughter of Lady Mary Lyon, of Apperley Court, Glos, and the late Mr. A. W. Strickland



Cake for two: Ariel Strickland and Michael Noble, who were bridal attendants



Mrs. B. Loder and her son at the reception at Warwick House, St. James's Palace



The Hon. Paul Greenway, Lord Greenway's elder son and heir, and his wife



Major and Mrs. P. C. M. Buckle were also among the guests at the reception

Swaebe



*The Newmarket and Thurlow Pony Club recently had a very successful meet at Wood Ditton, near Newmarket.
The hounds are seen awaiting the gathering of the young and enthusiastic field*

Young Hunt Followers Meet Near Newmarket



Miss E. Leach, Miss Gales and Miss Pauline Evans were three riders who enjoyed a very good run in ideal hunting weather



Mrs. Priest with Mr. Malcolm Priest and five-year-old Anthony Priest, mounted on the shaggiest of Shetlands



Miss S. Collins, Shula Pyman, Miss Collins and Miss Hales



Jennifer and Anne Webb, two sisters who made a charming picture in the morning sunlight



The secretary, Mr. Custerson, with Miss Custerson and Major Edmunds. A large number of spectators turned out to watch the meet

Self-Profile

A. E. Matthews

by A. E. Matthews



Highlights

A. E. MATTHEWS, at seventy-eight the unquestioned doyen of the English stage, is the son of one of the original Christy Minstrels and a great-nephew of the famous clown Tom Matthews. He lives as forcefully as he writes, and some of his most important conclusions on experience are as follow:

"Money and lovely women! That was why I liked the theatre in 1886, and why I like it still, though I'm not much interested in money any more."

"Many of my pleasantest recollections of the stage are centred along Broadway, and I have been back there twenty-six times. Those fifty-two crossings have given me probably the happiest hours of my life."

"Getting rid of money is one of the greatest but least-known arts in life and is the real way to be happy. I am so much an expert that I have written a treatise about it."

"Riding remains one of the joys of my life, one of the reasons why I refuse to live in London. Hertfordshire allows me to ride and to indulge two other favourite hobbies, drinking and sleeping."

"I don't really understand films. I play in them occasionally because they pay me much more than I am worth, which, unfortunately, does my income tax more harm than good."

MORE rot has been written about "the glamour of the footlights" than any other aspect of the theatre, and that is saying plenty. Footlights, both yesterday's gas and to-day's electricity, have always terrified me to the physical degree of shaking with fear when they go up at a dress rehearsal. Glamour of the footlights? There's no such thing, unless it is something known only to women.

Men go on the stage to get among money and beautiful women. And if a man's a man he's never too young (or too old) to be attracted by both. I went in the theatre when I was fourteen.

I had been working for 4s. a week (no P.A.Y.E., of course) in an office in Newgate Street, but had got the sack. To cheer me, a colleague told me not to worry as a chap who had been sacked from the same desk—on which his name was carved—some years before was doing very well now, and if he could, I could. His name was Henry Irving.

BUT it wasn't Irving who drew me inside a theatre. It was a woman—the loveliest woman I have ever seen in my life. One day I was gazing at a poster carrying her picture near the stage-door of the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street when who should arrive in a hansom but the beauty herself. I helped her out of her carriage and shouldered her bag into the theatre. She gave me a shilling and got me a job as call-boy at 15s. a week, with a bit extra for spending my nights, after the theatre, writing out parts and scripts.

When I was promoted to assistant stage manager I got a pal his first job as a 12s.-a-week super. Seymour Hicks was the name. He wanted to act, and soon he earned himself a speaking part—two words only, "Letter, Miss"—and a salary increase of 8s. That was Sir Seymour's start—but that's another story.

The most important adventure I have had, in its effect, was a farewell party I attended at Southampton when some friends were going abroad. We had a few drinks on board their ship, as folks do on such occasions, and before I knew where I was, I was in Cowes Roads. First stop—the West Indies! I had been riding in the morning and was still dressed in top-boots and breeches, in one pocket of which were three half-sovereigns. I spent seventeen days in that inappropriate attire, but when I stepped ashore the breeches pockets contained £100—profits on cards, at which I have always been lucky.

A day or two in those pleasant islands to re-equip, and I left for New York in a boat so small that passengers and crew all slept together in the dining-room. I have loved that little boat ever since, because it carried me for my first visit to the New York I came to like almost as much as London.

IARRIVED in London, then, with £1 and some small change (my travel from New York had cost precisely £2 3s. 8d.). When I came back from Australia after three years' successful playing there I had exactly £5. After a year in South Africa, playing forty-three parts in fifty-two weeks, I had one sovereign but a handful of uncut diamonds (shades of the I.D.B. laws!).

I was always like that. Never any money. One good way of using what you earn is to back plays, but my favourite method, which I have been practising with every satisfaction for forty years, is the buying and renovation of derelict cottages with bad drains and no plumbing. You have no idea what money you can pour away before they are fit for re-sale.

My wife and I live happily at Bushey with our cats: "Smokey" (the aristocrat of Bushey Heath), who is hers, and "Fanny by Gaslight," mine. Fanny was a gift from James Mason, and her mother, who has subsequently mothered some forty litters, is now (I read) guarded, with several of her offspring, by a platoon of New York cops or some such in a Park Avenue apartment.

Bushey was the scene of my most interesting film experiment. During the First World War I bought for £3,500 the British Actors' Film Company at Bushey. I paid Gladys Cooper 10s. a day; Gerald du Maurier the same; Leslie Howard, a youngster then, got only 5s.; but Leslie Henson got £3 a week for playing three parts in *Macbeth* and helping me to sweep out the studio. We produced *Macbeth* for £1200 and made thousands profit. Sir James Barrie wrote the script, which I treasure to-day as the finest film script I have ever seen. It was written in Barrie's own hand on two sheets of paper, and not one word of it could I ever understand. But it made a good film.

What a difference from the modern film scripts, which are so massive that it is cheaper to send them by Carter Paterson than through the post! I received one recently and read through it for three days before I found my part. It was quite a relief, because I was sure I had been sent the wrong script.

IT is a remarkable thing, sounding perhaps too good to be true but nevertheless quite true, that this year I have had simultaneously my best-ever stage and screen parts—Lord Lister in *The Chiltern Hundreds*, which audiences seem to enjoy even better than my many wonderful Lonsdale parts, and the tramp in the Alliance film, *Just William's Luck*, which I have seen in rough-cut and know to be my best screen work.

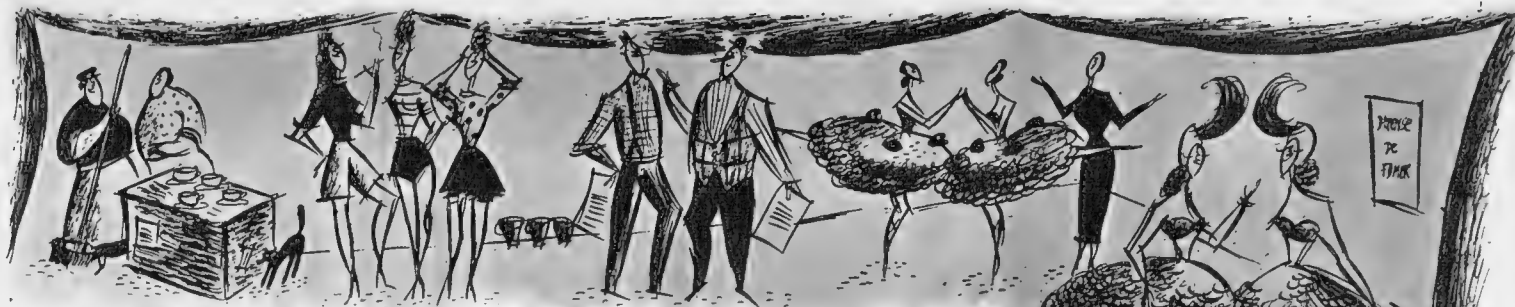
The crazy thing is that they came together, and they involved something else I had not experienced in sixty-four years on the stage—a telephone in my dressing-room (incidentally, this is the first time I have played in the Vaudeville Theatre, where I was call-boy and assistant stage manager in 1887). I gazed with pride at this imposing instrument during rehearsals, polished it frequently and waited for it to perform its function. It kept quiet until ten minutes before the curtain went up on *The Chiltern Hundreds*, and then a voice abruptly told me a car would pick me up at my cottage at 5.45 the next morning to take me to the studios for *Just William's Luck*! I haven't been so fond of my telephone since then.

AFTER the show a crowd of us went to a celebration supper, then on to a private party. It was 3.30 when I reached home and started to tell my wife how good I was as Lord Lister. I fear I must have been boring her, for she was almost asleep when the studio car arrived. We worked all day, getting through eight pages of script thanks to director Val Guest's quiet efficiency, and the car delivered me at the Vaudeville again twenty minutes before the curtain call.

Life is a grand (if sleepless) business at seventy-eight.



A. E. ("Matty") Matthews as a Knight of the Road in the film "Just William's Luck"



Priscilla in Paris

The Hero-Worshippers

EVERYTHING seems a little dull and gloomy after the *Fêtes*—so-called! If one has no scruples and one has been able to afford Black Market prices, one has eaten far too much, paid more than one ought for the children's toys and far, far too much for the New Year *étrennes* destined for the grown-ups.

Quarter-day looms and Messieurs the members of the Assemblée Nationale are making us feel very anxious as to the future. We had fondly imagined that they really meant it when they promised that the high cost of living would become no higher, but what with the immediate rise of the State-owned tobacco, railways, electricity and gas, we know that we are for it again.

France is like a tangled ball of string, and the Government figures as the office boy who said: "Somebody's been and gorn and cut off the end." The chap who finds that end and starts unravelling the knotty muddle will be Sir Galahad, Joan of Arc, George Bernard Shaw, Clemenceau, Winston Churchill and Richard Cœur de Lion all in one . . . with a dash of Al Capone thrown in so that we don't feel the change too badly.

MEANWHILE I am trying to catch up on all the new shows that have been produced since the batch I wrote about last week. The Mauriac play, by the way, has done even more badly than I feared, and is coming off as quickly as the management of the Madeleine Theatre can stage a revival of that fine old theatrical stand-by, *Tovarich*. We are sorry about this, because M. François Mauriac is one of France's greatest writers and also an extremely charming and simple person. He is quite touchingly ingenuous about his failure and merely wonders, a little ruefully, how it is that experienced producers, famous actors, actresses and scenic artists rehearsed his *Passage du Malin* for several weeks without realising it was not a good play.

This makes me wonder if M. Mauriac has never heard of what we call, over here, *le snobisme du nom*—the blindness with which many people accept anything coming from personages whose vogue and names are known, sometimes to all the world, sometimes only to their *milieu*. The fewer the noisier, of course. To these their hero can do no wrong and can make no error. There is the "snobisme Jouvet," also that of Jean-Paul Sartre, Jean-Louis Barrault, Christian Bérard, Picasso, and the late Jean Giraudoux, to name but a few. All these celebrities have accomplished, with various degrees of success, fine things, but they have had—also in various degrees—their failures too. Failures that their blind devotees refuse to admit.

And this brings me to speak of Jean-Paul Sartre, whose plays are morbidly interesting without doubt, but whose philosophy, whenever I have tried to master it, acts in the manner of an emetic. His first and greatly-advertised screen play, *Les Jeux Sont Faits*, has just been released, and his fans rushed to queue up. After the first day, however, there was no need for this. Not even all the beauty, charm and talent of Micheline Presle, who stars in the production, can save it from being of the dullest banality. His fans can saunter in at any time of the day and find seats in the 50-francs-worth as easily as in the 120's.

LES EDITIONS NAGEL, one of the important publishing houses of Paris, threw a jolly party the other afternoon for the opening of the first Existentialist bookshop. It is to be found in the narrow, old-world Rue Montpensier, which lurks darkly in the shadow of the Palais Royale, just opposite the theatre of the same name. The famous J.-P. was present, of course, and the equally famous (but to me, unreadable)

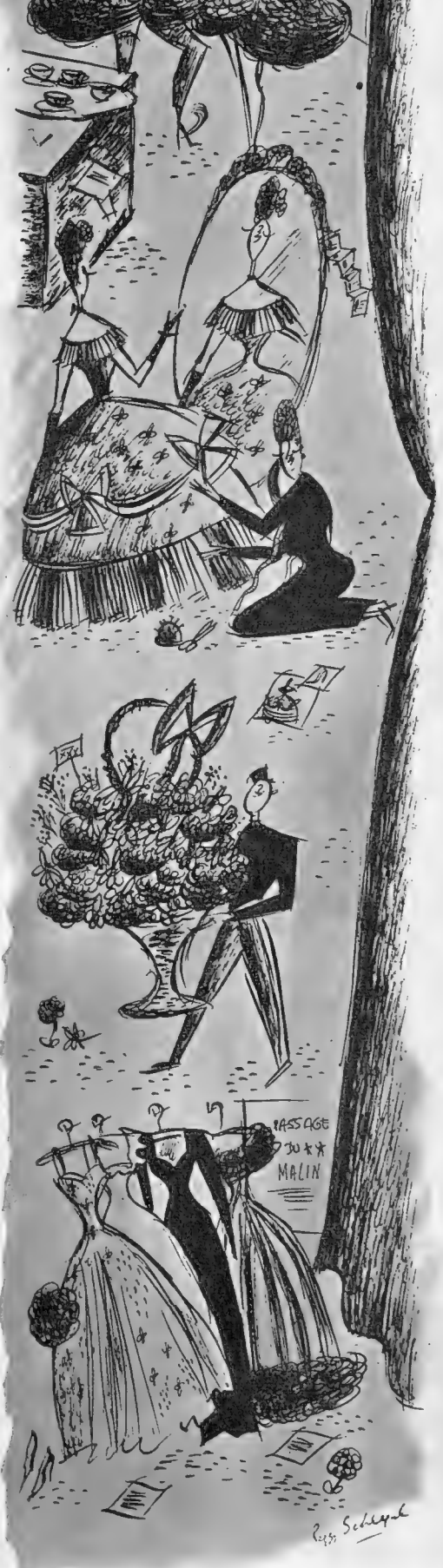
Simone de Beauvoir. There were also beautiful, sloe-eyed Gisèle Casadesus; blonde little Janine Crispin and Jacques Charron, all three of the Comédie Française; M. and Mme. François Mauriac, Jacques Deval and Jean-Pierre Aumont who, when asked what he thought of Existentialism, replied that he required a fortnight's notice of the question and

swiftly returned to his excellent cocktail. It was all very gay for those of us who don't take ourselves seriously, but all the cares of the world (world, in this case, being synonymous with publicity) seemed to weigh down the shoulders of J.-P.'s high priests. How far more convincing they would be with just a little sense of humour! There were cocktails that were the real McCoy, the most luscious snacks and a velvety Tokay that had been flown from Bucarest a few hours earlier without a jolt. Befeathered and beaming Cécile Sorel turned up. The cheaper illustrated weeklies have been full of her doings recently.

LOUIS JOUVET's production of Molière's rarely-played *Don Juan*, at the Théâtre de l'Athénée, is another instance of a snobish semi-success. His admirers aver that "Jouvet can do no wrong." Since his film *Monsieur Alibi* is now being played in London (so I understand) go and see it and decide for yourselves whether he is an actor who can play any Don Juan other than the kind that wears a cloth cap, a handkerchief in lieu of collar, and a fag behind his ear. Mark you, I don't deny that, from a certain point of view, there may not be a good deal more to Mister 'Arry 'Awkins than there is to a grandee of Spain, but, in this case, we are writing of acting.

Voilà!

● Bourvil, the French comedian, was telling us about the duel fought by one of his ancestors. "He was run right through the heart, my dears!" he declared. "There were two great, big holes! So draughty! He caught a chill and died of pneumonia!"





Capt. D. Evetts with Lady Amy Biddulph, who is a sister of the Earl of Normanton



The field taking the first jump in the Stayers' Handicap Chase. Mr. J. Davey's Gallery second and third.



Mrs. Alfred Cooper and Miss Anne Dibble mark up their cards between races

SOME TALK OF STEEPLECHASING

'E's eyes in 'is feet, a fifth leg to spare;
You leave it to him, no need to be ware;
And, take it from me, they'll all get enough
Upsides with the 'oss that carries the buff!

Jumpin' and bumpin' and bellows to mend,
Flyin' 'em blind till we get to the end;
Crashin' and cloutin', who'd be a jockey,
Ridin' 'em goodish, 'onest or rocky?

THAT'S the way of it! Some bad, some mad, but some worth their weight in pure gold, especially when there's a real rasper in front with a yawner beyond, and the pair of you have come well over 3 miles with another one and a bittock to go. It all looks so simple from a nice safe seat in the stands when you watch them undulating over the obstacles like a wave of the sea! Sailing along easy and comfortable! Why, anyone ought to be able to do it. Good going like a springboard; no trappy places; no wire, no tarmac, no kicking, squealing brutes in gateways.

Everything made as easy as pie for them. All they have got to do is not to fall off, and not go the wrong pace at the right moment. And why that ape wasn't within striking distance when he ought to have been, especially after

you had "been and gone" and told him exactly what to do! It's too sickening; but it serves you right for being such a fool as to put up a tailor like that on such a cracking good horse—one that any baby could ride!

That is the burden of the song when he does not win.

BUT when he does! "Did you watch the way he sat still as a mouse when he over-jumped and floundered for a cricket pitch at the big regulation? With anyone but a real horseman in the plate he would have gone end-over-end for a ducat! Never bustled him to make up the lengths he lost; just sat quiet till he got him balanced again! You can all take a lesson from that chap—best we've had since Arthur Nightingall, George Williamson, Roddy, Charlie



Capt. R. E. Wallace, Master of the Ludlow Hounds, and Mrs. Wallace



Miss Lloyd Jones and Miss M. Weddell were keen spectators



Col. and Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor with Mrs. Elizabeth Perry



Cheltenham. It was won by Mr. D. Morris's Weevil, with
H. Bruce's Sheila's Cottage third



Mrs. R. Vivian discusses the afternoon's prospects
with Capt. R. M. Thompson

W' CHAPS

Being the reflections of a veteran, prompted by
the successful Cheltenham December Meeting

*But this 'un's the cream, a real little star,
No fence is too big, no distance too far!
'Ark! 'ow the crowd 'is name is a-callin'.
Rest of 'em cooked, refusin' or fallin'!*

*A thud on the turf, the crack of a rail,
Sob of the beaten, the smack of a flail:
But fresh as a daisy, bright as the sun,
He shoots to the front: the battle is won!*

Cunningham, even Black Tom Olliver himself!
You mark my words!"

AND all of this means that the steeplechasing
business is the one in which the onlooker does
not see most of the game—far from it! That hoof-
ful of wet divot smack in the eye at the second
one out from the start with every one of the
thirty or so going like scalded cats to get clear
of the hustling and bustling; and never a hand
to spare to wipe the thing away; that heck of a
bump at the first open ditch that nearly got him,
put him on the wrong leg and got him going all
abroad at the 5 ft. of unpleasantness that came
far too soon to be convenient; and the hectic
scrum when two of them tried to cut it and
brought down a couple more! Gad! he must
have had eyes in his feet to have cleared them

and kept right side up! Win, and he's a con-
juror! Lose, and he's the biggest mutt ever
flung up on the back of a steeplechase horse!
It's not just jumping them and holding his
head straight! It is like bridge: you have
your thirteen cards—but there are thirty-nine
other cards in the pack—and there's always
the chance you have been handed a
Yarborough!

STEEPLECHASIN' chaps, how often are you
blighted by the unseeing eye and the searing
tongue of those who cannot know what's really
happened in the fighting line when the battle
was at its fiercest and fastest! Gallant steeple-
chasin' chaps! Here 's how!

A. S. BARROW



Miss A. M. Ormerod and Miss Linda Metcalfe
with Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe



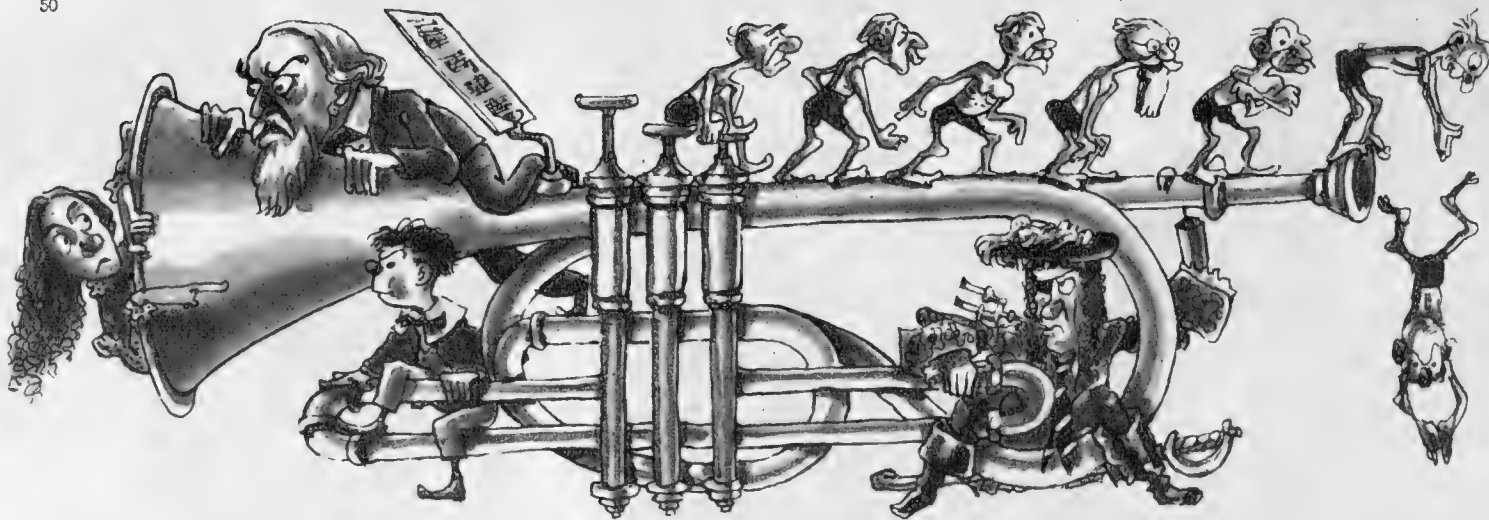
Mrs. Robin McAlpine with Mr. and Mrs. Pat
Butler Henderson



Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wilson with Mrs. Alfred
Baker



Lady Dill with her daughter, Miss Furlong, and
Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey



Decorations by Wysard

Bert Browning's corset, the Old Blue Men of the Serpentine, and Capt. Hook, O.E.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

GNARLED, nude, tough, blue, frightful old men photographed by the Press boys in the act of plunging into the icy Serpentine every Christmas morning possibly haunt your waking dreams, as they do ours, right up to the end of January? A reader thus afflicted begs us for help and comfort. Would we could make his New Year happier.

This trauma is not the ordinary Freudian business, like that which bothered the poet Allingham and still makes many citizens' lives a burden:

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men (etc.).

Still less is it connected with the seven relatively harmless little old men who terrified Baudelaire one misty winter's day in Paris. The Old Blue Men of the Serpentine, we gather, are connected with the Ice Circle of Dante's Hell. What ails thee, Bocca? Sound not loud enough Thy chattering teeth, but thou must bark outright? . . .

While they lived on earth they probably did something rather dreadful, and once every year they expiate their sins in the Serpentine. Their names we don't know, except that the one with the flaming eyes, previously encountered by Dante, is probably Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, who is said to have eaten his children; a form of nutrition-intake not yet popularised by the Min. of Food boys, but due now at any moment. Hiya, Ugolino! You look terrible in that bathing-slip.

Yarn

IN the high lonely dunes on Gunwalloe Sands in Cornwall, where gigantic Atlantic rollers crashing in a south-west gale can scare the souls out of fifty stockbrokers, an 18th-century buccaneer buried a great treasure of Spanish doubloons and pieces-of-eight, according to a local legend which a chap has just longingly recalled in one of the more civilised weeklies.

Anyone who has haunted Gunwalloe on a stormy day has almost seen him at it; red and broken-nosed and cursing and sweating, digging for dear life, spitting on huge dirty hands, his tarry pigtail quivering in the blast, his shabby blue boat-cloak flying, a nightmare figure like Billy Bones in *Treasure Island*. Why the

blackavised natives, who were so fond of loot and murder and wrecking, laid off him during the process we wouldn't know (maybe they were all in the adjacent farmhouse, wolfing cream-splits). One would have thought the admirable "Q" would have dug up this legend and turned it into a rattling good thriller long ago. Perhaps he judged Stevenson had cornered the racket; which is pure illusion, since Masefield's *Lost Endeavour* is a far better pirate story than *Treasure Island*, as we never weary of pointing out to furious Scots.

Pariah

WHEN three of Auntie Times's little readers reported excitedly that they had seen a veritable blue moon over Caernarvonshire the other day Auntie took their word, we noted, without batting an eyelash. Yet if we wrote to Auntie swearing we'd seen a green moon over Hampshire our communication would infallibly be rejected with frigid contempt.

"One cannot conceive, Fadgworthy, one cannot begin to *adumbrate* the most exiguous scintilla of a concept as to a process of cerebration exuberating into an attempt at deception of this lewd nature!"

"Nay, Gridgwick, such an attempt surely bears all the stigmata of Continental debasement?"

"Why *Continental*, Fadgworthy? There is surely no other?"

"True, true."
"Coo!"

That last cry would come from some saucy little Fashion Editress who could tell a tale, maybe, of senile winks in dusky corridors and chases recalling Arcady. However, we guess Auntie's blue-moon correspondents attached to their communication the usual certificates of social and financial standing. We have these, too, but everybody assumes they are forged—such as the Secretary of a famous West End club we tried to join only the other day. Bishops and scientists jeered at us from the windows as we shivered on the steps. A club servant ultimately thrust our certificates back at us, saying "Hop it."

London, London, what a heartbreak old dump you are.

Thug

HAVING been ticked off by a highbrow critic for being "casual and inadequate," this year's Captain Hook will doubtless pull up his socks and remember that Old Etonians do these things with a difference.

In our golden infancy every Hook bore the Old School in mind and affected a languid, mannered, bloody elegance ("Poise will be poise," as the moneylender-peer said to the Provost) at once casual, macabre, adequate, and exquisite. A little time before his death Barrie went into Hook's Eton career fairly thoroughly, and quite rightly. Hook is so far the only Old Etonian to go in for professional piracy—on the high seas, at any rate—though at least one Old Etonian was hanged at Tyburn for highway robbery in the old days, and one was recently Chancellor of the Exchequer.

What the leading public schools as a whole are doing in the Black Market at the moment is likewise rather casual and inadequate, our spies report. Those ex-members at liberty certainly give the racket tone, but hold aloof from its social aspects, such as fighting with magnums of Pommery and striking women in smart restaurants. This is undemocratic and may lead to yells of "Saboteurs!" and "Fascist beasts!"

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!

We would remind them that when Jake and Izzy get into the Lords some people will be asked practically nowhere.

Purge

As moral guides to the Island Race (an acid chap was recently implying) the Art boys nowadays are about as useful as dandruff, and he was right. Guidance went out with Landseer, of whom a touching story is told.

As the revels at the Royal Academy Banquet of 1875 were at their height a tiny goldenhaired



"Ponto says 'Lay off'..."
was the picture of the
year

child tottered up to the top table and addressed Landseer in song, as follows:

Amid the wanton wevels of this wild Bohemian cweew,
Oh, listen to the message, Sir, that Baby has for
you:

(Refrain)

Please, Sir, dwaw some bow-wows for Gwandma!
They take her poor mind off the Dwink;
While she's looking at Wover,
The cwisis is over,
And she cwaves no more liquor to sink;
Oh, Sir, though the cwitics upbwaid you,
Or cwack some indecowous joke,
Let twue Bwitish Art,
Touch my poor Gwanny's heart,
And perhaps it may save that Old Soak!

Tipping the models hastily off their knees the R.A.s joined in the refrain at Landseer's bidding, and in due course "Ponto Says 'Lay Off,'" a 6' by 10' canvas showing a lovable St. Bernard in a blue silk bow gently biting the ear of a winsome old dipsomaniac in mauve silk and a sequined bonnet, surrounded by bottles, was the Picture of the Year. Its effect on the Race at large and on the critics in particular was remarkable, and permanent. Looking round today, how many drunk art critics can you count? How many? Tck, tck. How like you to spoil it.

Mirage

SHRINKING as we do from destroying Nordic illusions, we can't help feeling that a chap recently describing his adventures among our wild kinsmen in the Black Mountains of Wales had the wrong idea. He thought they were awfully jolly people, awfully nice, frightfully attractive, practically civilised, almost (as it were) white, like him. Whether he tried to sell them glass beads and trade-cotton and tin hatchets he didn't say. He plainly assumed they adored him madly.

Have no illusions about our dark but harmonious kinsmen, cullies. Polite (like Highlanders) as they are, they deem you visiting Nordics to be, collectively and individually, stinkards and lice. Tam and plast the plue-eyed paskets, they say with furious gestures when your patronising backs are turned. Maybe they mutter a line or two from the great Welch bard Gwilym ap Shakespeare:

... Plutty, pawty fillains!
O fengeance! (etc.).

Quite possibly they then set about making little waxen mommets stuck with pins and set before a brisk fire, uttering simultaneously certain incantations and causing you and Mrs. Fotheringhay-Fanshawe to wither miserably away at a great distance. It serves you right for going to Llandrindod, Cot pless you.

Handicap

ONCE more a refined critic has been complaining of the "coarseness" of the brass in a recent orchestral concert, recalling Elizabeth Barrett Browning's anguished cry in a letter to Mr. Browning apropos their only child, Bert: "I didn't raise my boy to be a cornet!" The full complaint is as follows (Letters, XLV, 49):

I didn't raise my boy to be a cornet, I brung him up genteel-like and refined! If I'd of known I maybe could of borne it, but something's dead and I don't seem to mind. Let Richter run my Albert with them oboes, them clarinets that thinks themselves so smart; when he gets tired of them nasty hoboos he'll realise he's broke a mother's heart.

Young Albert (Bert) Browning was fond of trumpets and all lowness from the cradle, like many boys of spirit. Mrs. Browning's cry was due to an ill-natured *Times* critic's "picking" on him after his first job with Richter, thus: "All the brass were coarse, but young Bert Browning (son of Mr. and Mrs.) was *mauvais ton* personified." Meeting the critic later at a literary party, Mrs. Browning said: "About my Bert—did you mean musically or socially?" and the critic said "Totally."

This, alas, applies to most orchestral brasses, against whom the mothers of innocent girl harpists are perpetually on guard.

Emmwood's New Series

THE WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 2)

This species (also known as the Borgia Bird) is a great danger to stock and plantations, as it reduces all edible matter within its range to a grey, tasteless pulp, which some authorities consider definitely toxic



The Viand Vulture—or Mother Hubbard's Chicken

(Rational-Irrational)

ADULT MALE: General colour above pale pink; dome of the head devoid of feathers and inclined to shininess; heavily tufted with sable feathers over the eye-sacs and to the rear of the mandibles; beak bluish and very predatorily curved; neck feathers scraggy and untidy; body feathers sable in colour, loosely fitting; shanks spindly, often appearing uncertain as to their direction of movement. Bird of prey.

HABITS: This ravenous member of the vulture genus is most voracious in its ways. It is easily recognised by its swift and ruthless swoop, as it descends upon its hapless victims, who have taken

great pains to obtain their food, snatching their meagre mite from under their very beaks, leaving them to starve as best they can. The Viand Vulture is extremely fond of the more fleshy foods and potatoes, leaving its poor victims the harder and nuttier morsels, which their under-nourished little beaks are hardly capable of even cracking.

HABITATS: Around and about Westminster, where its eyrie is situated. It will, occasionally, make punitive expeditions in the region of the more darkly situated markets. The bird has an inordinate fear of finding itself "leagued" against by the females amongst its victims.

Scoreboard

Christmas Cards. Just a fragrant memory.

*Uncle Jack and Auntie Mabel
Slid, at Bridge, beneath the table.
Father said, "That goose was rummy;
Good; we'll play some double-dummy."*



TALKING of kicking-off at Soccer, which we weren't, this is the Distinguished Guest season, and throughout the football grounds of Britain, from Fair Isle to Lizard Head, there are the crashes of Mayors measuring their circumference in chains of office, the dirges of dislocated

Dukes, and spirally-ascending powder-clouds from collapsed Countesses; to say little or nothing of Rescue Squads, in bell-garters and Union-Jack helmets, rushed to the ground by the Second Commissioner of Public Works to extract from the mud Film-Cuties who have become heel-bound while wishing bandy and blushing backs the very, very best of luck.

But it isn't only the girls who go wrong over the kick-off. I could, if I felt that way, cite the case of G. K. Chesterton and Marie Dressler, who both thought that both sides kick off at once. There was a loud report; the ball flew up perpendicularly, and was never seen again; either because it declined, for personal reasons, to return to earth, or because it decomposed, thus confirming the theory of the Occasional Destructibility of Matter, advanced by Rutherford and Jeans to the Twelfth Night Reunion of the Society of Non-Pharmaceutical Chemists.

Further examples of perplexing kick-offs have been recorded by (i) Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who, when opening the match between Deep-breathers and Late-risers on the terrace of the House of Commons, missed the object-ball and fell into the Thames, to be landed, two hours later, in a net by an occasional associate of the Wapping Catch-as-Catch-Can Angling Fraternity, who was rewarded with the M.V.O., and took to drink and pointed brown boots; (ii) D. Lloyd George, the ex-Criccieth outside-left, who always looked one way and kicked the other, and so was never invited by astigmatic Elevens; and (iii) by our

own Mr. Councillor Woodwork, who, before kicking off in Electrical Enterprises versus Gas, Light, and Coke, handed his jacket to the referee, and out of it there fell 2014 complimentary petrol coupons, 4 lbs. of butter, a walnut, a certificate for extra milk signed by two veterinary surgeons, a gold ear-ring lost between 8 a.m. and 9 p.m. on Wednesday, a rubber truncheon, and an unsigned photograph of Dorothy Lamour.

TO-DAY is near about the anniversary of a village Soccer match to which I was taken by Mr. Ben Travers some revolving years ago. The limelight was stolen—as if anyone could steal light except Prometheus or the late Sir James Barrie—by a home supporter, who had been drunk since Christmas Eve. He appeared on the field at half-time; executed complicated manoeuvres with a fictitious ball against imaginary opponents; argued with a hypothetical referee about a penalty-kick which should have been awarded against a non-existent opponent; then receded, circuitously. Hats off to B. Travers, for being the best writer of farce in England and the subtlest player of clock-golf in Somerset, and for denying that he took his title "Outrageous Fortune" from his own performances at Snooker Pool.

CARDS again. Problem presented by Mr. O. Sheen, stockbroker:—I was playing Beggar-My-Neighbour with my most influential client when he produced Mrs. Bung, the Brewer's Wife, and said "That's the Queen of Spades." When I objected, he said, "Christmas is the symbol of family life; and anyhow, my friend Mrs. Bung is a better class of woman than all the Queens in the pack." What should I have done?

AT our shoot the other day an old cock pheasant died of laughter in mid-air, fell into the turnips, and was counted in to the host's gun. "Shot, sir!" howled Sir Humbleby Bumbleby, Bart., being in the same condition himself, and unaware that all day he had been loading his gun at the wrong end, with cartridges of saccharine.

Cut along, now; loiterers will be treated as trespassers.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Major M. Beaumont, formerly M.P. for Aylesbury, is a brother-in-law of Sir Ernest Davis-Goff, Bt.



Major Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, Bt., and Lady Stewart-Richardson, formerly Miss Audrey Odum, of Naas



Lady Carew and Miss Blake-Campbell wait for hounds to move off. Castletown House is the largest private house in Eire

The "Killing Kildares" at Castletown



Lord Carew on his favourite hunter at the meet of the Kildare Hounds at his residence, Castletown House. He is Joint-Master, with Lt.-Col. J. Hume-Dudgeon, of the North Kildare Harriers



The Hons. Patrick, Diana and Gerald Conoly-Carew, the children of Lord and Lady Carew, are keen riders to hounds, and are regular competitors at the Dublin Spring Shows

Pool, Dublin

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

A FACT perhaps worth noting: Cloncarrig, who was a strong tip for the December Handicap Steeplechase at Leopardstown on December 27th and was unplaced with 12 st. on his back, was handicapped to give 9 lbs. to Caughoo and 21 lbs. to Lough Conn, first and second in last year's Grand National at Aintree. The distance of this 'chase at Leopardstown was only 2 miles 175 yards, and Cloncarrig has not yet run in a Grand National; likewise, this short distance was no gallop at all for the Big 'Chase. He won over Aintree, however, on November 7th (in the Molyneux 'Chase, 2 miles 3 furlongs and 40 yards) and, with 11 st. 4 lbs. on his back, squandered his field, winning by five lengths from Ulster Monarch (10 st. 5 lbs.) and Confucius (10 st. 5 lbs.), another eight lengths away.

Carrick Castle (11 st. 7 lbs.), who was fourth, jumped very big, and lost a lot of time up in the air. In last year's Grand National Caughoo had only 10 st., and after Silver Fame (10 st. 12 lbs.) had been brought down three fences from home, had only to come through horses that had said their piece; Lough Conn, galloped to a standstill, Kami and Prince Regent, all of them having had a rough time with the loose horses.

Better Than Caughoo?

IF the Irish handicappers think that Cloncarrig is a 9-lb. better horse than Caughoo, even if they have not to appraise them at the National distance, a very different proposition to Leopardstown, what ought A. to think, and what will the Handicapper to the N.H.C. think? Cloncarrig was right up in the fighting-line all the way in the Molyneux. He made just nothing at all of the fences, is a very active, well-balanced horse, a bit over 16 hands I should think, and is now only eight, just about the right age, and, according to report, is coming back here for the Cheltenham Gold Cup and the National. Until he won at Aintree, he had never even seen an English steeplechase fence.

It is most probable that I shall hear from an amusing little man in the Meath country, for whose opinion I have much respect, and I wonder how good he thinks Caughoo is?

Myself, I don't quite know, in view of the surrounding circumstances. It is obvious, however, that we have the makings of a very good field for this year's Grand National, and a lot of them are quite close together. The question seems to be: "Which Irish horse?" This recent winner, Rowland Boy, is another Irishman, even though his name sounds Scottish, and he won their Grand National.

There was a time when the best way to find the National winner was to get talking horse and contradicting the Irish priests who used to lunch at the Roast Beef of Old England in the Strand on the Thursday before the National, and take very definite precautions against the Friday fast. Now Giant Circumstance has stepped in, and you hardly see a Reverend Father in London before the National. More's the pity, for they were a genial lot, and what they did not know about a horse you could have written down on a halfpenny stamp.

Caughoo, winner of last year's Grand National, ran nohow in the Bray 'Chase on Boxing Day. Perhaps we ought not to take too much notice as his connections hardly backed him, and it was just a blow-through to clear him for more serious work. Lough Conn ran second in this race, and went out with a big knee on him. I should not think the adventure can have done him much good. They hail Cottage Rake, who won the December 'Chase at Leopardstown, as "champion Irish 'chaser." I suppose they must know, but he has not yet had the education of some of the others.



Unfair Kashmir

THE reports that even more bitter fighting has broken out in this once-tranquil and ever-beautiful land is not pleasant reading for those who know it, and for many others who know the kind of person the attacker is, especially when inflamed by religious fervour. A gentleman in Pakistan has said that no one must interfere because this is a *Jihad*, or Holy War! Kashmir is a looter's paradise. These tribal forces are something quite different from the old Sealed Pattern Pathan, and are armed with weapons which must be very unfamiliar to them.

We are as much to blame as anyone for the great change which has come about, even though chivalry was never the long suit in frontier fighting, for in the 1919 Afghan War, and after, we started using things which border tradition condemned as not strict cricket. Aeroplanes, for instance; incendiary bombs, and those 6-in. howitzers sending their shells soaring over the rocky ridges into croplands where women tilled the fields, and children also got killed. It created a great bitterness, for, according to frontier ways of thinking, this was not pretty work, and so a great change came over things, exactly as was apparent on our own Border when Henry VIII. sent the very scum of his mercenaries to fight the Scots and the Borderers at Ancrum, where, incidentally, Henry's hired assassins got it in the neck. Later on, however, they did not, and fought as only hired assassins will when they are having the best of it.

The tribesmen, who have got a toe in the Kashmir door, are therefore probably far more unpleasant than any that even the most grizzled Piffer officer can remember. Ref. the dreadful happenings to the gentle nuns and others at Baramula. They have all of their old box of tricks, plus a few new ones, and, unless the omens are false, they have no intention at all of getting out. The right attack seems to have got well into its stride, and it is only the snow that is slowing down the left.

This is no sporadic raid for loot, though anything in that way, of course, is much appreciated by the class of artist now on the warpath. It has all the marks of a well-planned operation, and it looks like a winner, so far as things have gone.

Armoured Cavalry

THE reappearance of the Household Cavalry in that most attractive full dress on the occasion of the Royal Wedding appears to have stirred quite a lot of people who usually do not take any interest at all in soldiers, least of all cavalry ones, and I have had quite a bunch of letters, all of which it is quite impossible to publish. I was wrong about the Household Cavalry having worn their cuirasses at Waterloo, and so are some of my correspondents who have said I was right. The following letter from Capt. Lionel Dawson, R.N., hunting correspondent of a daily paper, and author of that interesting book *Sport in War*, I feel must be published for its information value:—

Concerning your statement in TATLER that the H.C. wore their "tin tummies" at Waterloo and before, is this quite accurate? I had always believed that these went out with Queen Anne or, at latest, with George I., when cuirasses ceased to be the fashion with other bits of body armour? Whether or no the French Cavalry kept to them right through, I am not certain. Nap's cuirassiers undoubtedly wore them, and I believe that I have read somewhere that our H.C. were handicapped thereby at W'loo (and certainly our Dragoons in the Peninsula) when they got among each other. But it is my belief that we did not take to them again till George IV. started putting the Army in fancy dress.



S/Ldr. R. H. G. Weighill, D.F.C., who captains the R.A.F. Rugger XV. and played for England in the 1946-7 Internationals, with his wife



J. R. C. Matthews, the Harlequins captain, played for the Royal Navy and for England during the war. His wife was Miss Joan Ferris



Ralph W. F. Sampson, skipper of Middlesex County, is a Scottish International. Mrs. Sampson is the daughter of Dr. Austen, of Leigh-on-Sea



D. R. Stuart

Joe Mycock, who captained England v. Ireland and Wales early this year, is skipper of the Sale, Lancs, XV. In the war he represented the R.A.F. His wife was Miss Patricia Durrans, and their children are Joanna, three, and Danion, one

Rugger Captains



A Painter on the Set. Unusual subjects for painting have been discovered by Miss Ruth Hurle, who has just completed a series of oils during the filming of "Blanche Fury" by Cineguild. Miss Hurle, who was once the youngest student at the Royal Academy, had her studies in Italy and Germany interrupted by the war, during which she worked in the Women's Land Army. She plans to hold a London exhibition of her recent work in the near future.

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"The Red Prussian"

"Stranger at Home"

"The Woman in Black"

"The Royal Family in Africa"

"THE RED PRUSSIAN," by Leopold Schwarzschild (Hamish Hamilton; 16s.), is a biography of Karl Marx. "Marx the Man, as distinct from Marx the Legend, is [to quote the wrapper] Mr. Schwarzschild's subject." The subject has been dealt with not too kindly—in fact, I can but feel that the author's aim has been more or less total demolition. The book is thorough, responsible, closely documented, but, in spite of this, somewhat over-balanced by its hostility—it is, one must take it, meant to address itself to those who have fallen unduly under the influence of the Marx legend and might therefore tend to sip dangerously at the Marx doctrine. For such readers, Mr. Schwarzschild must feel, Marx should be debunked: the philandering must be stopped at any price.

Those who have not philandered, those blameless ones for whom Marx has a sort of satanic interest, may be surprised by the relentlessness of the censure, the consistency of the belittlement. Indeed, so contrary is human nature that there might be protest—"Come, come, surely there was more to the man than this!" To be, even, a monster one needs to be something better than a monster of vanity—as Mr. Schwarzschild keeps suggesting Marx chiefly was.

ONE must allow for the fact that the author of *Capital* is a bugbear to the more moderate Left, in a sense that he could never be to the Right. Like it or not, however, he is, like Freud, somewhere in the air of the day for all of us—to either, one might cry, "The world has grown grey at thy breath!" (It seems odd that Swinburne should have thought of Christianity as colour-destroying; one can hardly, in this era, share the poet's concern as to the future of nymphs in brakes.)

One need not necessarily, wrote a wise Frenchman, share the ideas of one's day, but one should attempt to understand them. *The Red Prussian*, hostile biography

though it be, allows the reader not only to glimpse but grasp both the force and the origin of the Marxian influence, and does not obscure—should I say, does not succeed in obscuring?—the impressiveness, however detestable, of the man. As a character, in its overweening anti-humanity, here is something fascinating to study; and the life-story, running its sharp, raw line across the most crucial decades of nineteenth-century European history, compels one's following once one begins to read.

Karl Heinrich Marx was born at Trier, in the Rhineland, in 1818; his father, a respected Jewish lawyer of that city, descendant of a long line of rabbis, had been baptised into the Protestant church two years before the birth of this second child. The ancestry, the rabbi tradition, is, Mr. Schwarzschild considers, very important: its intellectual working is to be traced. Not unattractively ugly, known to his family as "the Moor," the youthful Karl, ambitious if not hard-working, could make an impression when and where he desired, but in the main took no interest in other people.

He studied at the University of Bonn, and at eighteen declared his love for Jenny von Westphalen, daughter of a local aristocratic family. Premature and doubtfully suitable, the match, was in no quarter encouraged: Karl Heinrich was hustled off by his father to study law in Berlin. His avowed ambition, however, was to become a poet—the romantic 1830's were at their height; professional literary prospects were far from bad. This very propitiousness made Karl Heinrich's failure to be a poet all the more tormenting: the frustrated poet, Mr. Schwarzschild points out, remained ever-present in his make-up.

And, of frustrations this was only to be the first—this was to be a man baulked at every turn, pursued by ill-fortune, a carrier of distress to others. The year 1848, with its seething of

troubles all over Europe, saw him embarked on what, again, might have been the most unpropitious career of a revolutionary, moving from capital to capital. Here, however, where there could have been a niche there proved to be once more a vacuum: no band of brothers could include Karl for long—he fell foul of his fellow-revolutionaries with a fated, fanatical persistence.

The Europe-wide swing to reaction following 1848 left him country-less, suspect and without means of support: he landed, among an enormous flock of other stormy petrels, on our long-suffering shores. In the sedate if seedy by-streets of Victorian London, protected by our benevolent police, this group plotted world revolution with impunity, while vitriolically quarrelling among themselves.

THE extraordinary relationship between Marx and Engels, that sore-trying, unfailing disciple-friend, provides the outstanding human (as apart from political and historic) interest of *The Red Prussian*. That Marx—morose, emotionally unpalatable and intellectually abstract as he was—could and did command rare fidelity; is, again, instanced by his heroic wife, the once-lovely, sheltered Jenny von Westphalen. She bore him child after child; the squalor of their poverty was extreme; their fortunes only could not be said to decline, because it is impossible to decline from nothing. Marx—as his biographer underlines with an almost malicious repetitiveness—lived by sponging first on his relatives, then on Engels; finally, Engels alone supported him: the need to meet this constant financial drain kept the younger man tied, against all his principles, to "filthy commerce"—i.e., his family's firm in Manchester. . . . No, not a pretty picture. One can only say that, under the Job-like afflictions (among which were boils) raining upon his head, Marx remained sustained by titanic inner belief.

Mr. Schwarzschild's analysis of *Capital* is interesting. On its appearance, the book fell flat: never was there a greater case of delay action. The contemporary intellectual view of it is summarised in a chapter called "Intermezzo." . . . We are invited to study another unpleasing picture, Marx's hatred (Mr. Schwarzschild suggests jealousy) of his more spectacular, less inhuman and therefore more effective fellow-revolutionaries, Lassalle and Bakunin, and his plottings to undermine the latter. It is interesting, in view of later events, that he should have, above all, detested Russians—"Bakunin," he bitterly said, "is condescending enough to wish to put the workers' movement under Russian leadership." And elsewhere: "As soon as a Russian worms his way in, all hell breaks loose."

It seems typical of this tormented man that bad weather should have, everywhere, dogged his footsteps: his arrival in the very sunniest clime became the signal for downpour and scowling skies. When recovering from boils he spent several months, in a constant mizzle of rain, at our otherwise popular seaside places. I consider "Marx at Margate" to be a promising subject for a monograph by some local historian. . . . Let it be said—I feel that it *should* be said—that he had every apparent attribute of the phoney without being one.

GEORGE SANDERS, film-star, shows versatility in giving us a most competent if somewhat torrid thriller—*Stranger at Home* (Pilot Press; 8s. 6d.). The hero, Michael Vickers, returns after four years of amnesia to his luxurious Californian residence, his wife Angie and his three best friends—one of whom, he has reason to think, has attempted to do him in, whether with or without the connivance of Angie he cannot say. Well known as the possessor of what his circle calls a Jehovah-complex, Michael has never been really popular, and his reappearance, in the middle of a drunken party, is greeted by everything from dismay to somewhat more cryptic reactions. One of his three suspect-friends is next morning found done, in on the beach.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THERE is a fashion in tempo for singers of sentimental songs, and the tempo is slow, very slow, and "low-down." If the tune and the lyric are worth while this dragging out of every ounce is tolerable; if it isn't, it is just agony to have to listen.

But I find something very pleasurable in the singing in this style of Sarah Vaughan when she gives us *Body and Soul*, accompanied by George Treadwell's Band, and *When We're Alone*, accompanied by Teddy Wilson's Octet. In the latter number Teddy Wilson plays some very pleasing piano bits on his own, and together with

the soloist has produced a very delightful record. (Parlophone R.3073.)

Sarah Vaughan was born in 1924, and as a child studied both the piano and organ. She won first prize on an amateur night, which can be pretty tough, at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, and now she is starring at the "Café Society." She recently recorded *Loverman* with Dizzy Gillespie and his Quintet. This is played straightforwardly without any signs of "be-bop" from Dizzy, and there is a sincerity and feeling about it that cannot be denied. (Parlophone R.3077.)

Robert Tredinnick.

Is our hero a sadist crook or an injured good chap? Mr. Sanders keeps us in the dark as to this up to practically the last page—though, by a series of Miss-Blandish-like little touches, he invites us to incline to the former view. The atmosphere is thoroughly het-up from beginning to end; and can one wonder? Angie, also up to the last a dark horse, is of a lusciousness—stressed, one might sometimes feel, to the point of uncertain delicacy: be it enough to say her effect on all those who cross her path, including the police, is powerful.

Stranger at Home is to be recommended as high-voltage fiction of the American school—as to Mr. Sanders' own nationality I am uncertain, but he seems to be on his own ground with this near-Hollywood scene. If this thriller does not become a film it will be surprising; and the saturnine, slow-smiling Vickers cries out to become, on the screen, one more George Sanders role—indeed, this actor-author gives us, in black and white, exactly the type of man he so well knows how to play. In short, one more star performance, in a new medium.

LESLIE FORD's gentle, finished style and gentle, finished (though equally, I am glad to say, perpetual) heroine, Mrs. Latham, come like a cool breeze after the foregoing. *The Woman in Black* (Crime Club: Collins; 8s. 6d.) is yet another study of how to remain subtle, sweet and *soignée* in spite of murders—oh, that we might all copy Grace's poise! She is a woman impossible not to like; as we may judge from the eagerness with which each addition to these her chronicles is sought. Last

heard of in Honolulu, she is now home again in Washington, with Lilac, her coloured cook, and Sheila, her setter dog: Colonel Primrose, unfortunately for himself and us, is, however, in hospital with measles. Mrs. Latham having returned to the capital, another Washington murder may be felt to be about due—we are not disappointed. A foolish industrial magnate, Enoch B. Stubblefield, with the wife he lovingly calls "Mutton," is being entertained by Mrs. Latham's neighbours; a seedy lady in black crashes the party; a hysterical young wife monkeys with a gun; and from that evening onwards events follow thick and fast.

The scene is, as usual, set convincingly, and the distraught characters are, in the main, sympathetic: one would be sorry to think of any of them bumping anybody else off, but one cannot baulk at the fact that there *are* two murders. Grace, lacking the supervision of Colonel Primrose, gets herself into one of her tightest corners so far. . . . I don't know that *The Woman in Black* is the best of the Leslie Fords; but, as you know, her standard is always high.

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN AFRICA is published, by gracious permission of His Majesty the King, by Hutchinson at 10s. 6d.: proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to the funds of King George's Jubilee Trust. The book, which has a Foreword by Field Marshal the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts, contains nine full coloured plates and 105 photographs of the Royal tour; and the account has been written by Dermot Morrah, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. The interest, and in some cases striking beauty, of the photographs is obvious—also their variety: let me, however, advise you to read, as well as look at, *The Royal Family in Africa*. For Mr. Morrah has done something more than chronicle movement and describe scenes; he has, in prose worthy of its subject, measured the value now and the importance for history of that "sustained triumphal progress" throughout the youngest of the self-governing Dominions. There are end-paper maps.

HUNTING NOTES

IN spite of indifferent scenting conditions, the Hertfordshire Hounds have put in some useful days, and from their St. Paul's Walden appointment they scored a 4-mile point with a fox from Long Spring, Stagenhoe, which they ran to Lucas's Covert, close to Stevenage. Later, a Vicars Grove fox was hunted in a fast burst to Hitch Wood and on to King's Walden Bury and Westbury Wood.

Meeting at Studham Common on a good scenting day, hounds covered much country and were running continuously, while from the meet at Kingswood, Ampthill, they ran fast to Maulden, where they changed foxes and hunted back to Kingswood, whence they raced to Wilshamstead Wood, a 3-mile point, before going away again and finally putting their fox to ground at Kingswood.

SOME of the best sport in Lincolnshire during the holidays was on the day the Blankney met at Carlton-le-Moorland. Scent, which had been very patchy since the season began, now served extraordinarily well and hounds were able to show some of their best form. A fox from Bush Osiers kept them running hard for about 35 minutes before he found an open earth. Then followed another rousing gallop from Cockburn's Covert. This was over much of the same country as before—some of the best in the Vale—but when hounds were getting close to his brush, he was lost on getting among other foxes at Londesborough's Gorse. By this

time all 'osses had had enough and hounds did not draw again. There was much grief during these gallops, and several riders went home with liberal tufts of grass hanging from the buttons of their coat-tails. Large crowds were seen at the Boxing Day fixtures of the Belvoir at Grantham and the Blankney at Sleaford. Smell was execrable, and there was never enough to enable either pack to work up to a kill. Both, however, covered much ground in the course of the day.

SCENTING conditions in the Whaddon Chase country have improved, and among recent meets was one at Stewkley cross-roads, where Mr. and Mrs. "Buzzy" Judd dispensed hospitality from the Grange, and a good run followed. But there have been few better days this season than the one from Newton Longville. A fox from Salden provided a fast hunt, running by Villier's Gorse, crossing road and brook to Dorcas Lane, then swinging left-handed to cross the Stoke Hammond road and the main line before being lost on the outskirts of Great Brickhill. A second fox, from a drain near Cow Common, paid the penalty after running for only two fields. Hounds found yet another in Villier's Gorse, and ran at a cracking pace to Dorcas Lane, through Soulbury and on to Liscombe.



A large crowd, mounted and afoot, turned out to meet hounds in Winslow market square on Boxing Day. Scent was not good, but foxes on Mr. Monk's farm and in Addington and Padbury Gorse provided sport.

THE Warwickshire had an enjoyable hunt from Lighthorne Rough when, on going almost to Compton Verney, hounds swung left-handed, leaving Pool Field, osiers and coppice to their left and ran into Chadsunt Coppice. From there they broke on the Kineton side, and once more got to one of the Pool Field coverts. After a good deal of weaving about, the fox headed from the edge of Gaydon airfield to Bishop's Gorse, where he managed to defeat hounds. The afternoon was spent in woodland hunting at Hell Hole, Bowshot, and some of the Walton Woods. Altogether a very busy day.

The recently announced engagement between Major Rodwell and Miss Geare is a very suitable and very happy one. For two generations at least the bride's family (on the distaff side) have been ardent and valued supporters of the Hunt. Her grandfather, Sir Charles Mordaunt, was a pillar of strength in his lifetime, and she has followed hounds ever since she was old enough to sit on a pony; so we all unite in wishing every happiness to "George and Jill."

A "Tatler" page of

NAVAL WEDDINGS



Plunkett—Walhen

Lieut. (S) Michael Plunkett, R.N., only son of the late Lieut.-Col. J. O. Plunkett, of Malaya, and Mrs. E. C. Plunkett, of Brunswick Square, Hove, married Miss Audrey S. Walhen, younger daughter of the late Mr. G. W. D. Walhen, of East Cosham, Hampshire, at Portsmouth Cathedral



Lloyd—Tyler

Lieut. Kenneth Lloyd, Royal Navy, of London, married Miss Phoebe Diana Tyler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tyler, of Salisbury Road, Leicester, at St. Mary's, Knighton, Leicester



Bain—Gray

Capt. D. K. Bain, D.S.O., Royal Navy, married Mrs. Iris Gray, widow of Mr. Donald Gray, of Detroit, Michigan, and Calcutta, India, at the Church of Saint Paul, Hamburg



Herbert—Palmer

Lieut. (L) F. Bruce Herbert, Royal Navy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herbert, of Emmer Green, Reading, Berkshire, married Miss Barbara Ann Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Palmer, of Oxford Road, Putney, London, at St. Margaret's, Putney



Hebbert—Small

Acting Sub-Lieut. Thomas Hebbert, R.C.N., eldest son of the late Lieut.-Cdr. W. B. Hebbert, R.N., and of Mrs. Hebbert, of Victoria, B.C., married Miss Wendy A. M. Small, only daughter of Cdr. A. G. M. Small, R.N., and Mrs. Small, of Tonbridge, at the Parish Church, Tonbridge

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Paula Helmore, youngest daughter of Air Commodore W. Helmore, of Coombe Hill, Surrey, who is being married at St. Peter's, Vere Street, on February 14, to Mr. Henry Wade, son of Mr. E. A. Wade, and of the late Mrs. Ethel Wade, of Eastbourne



Pearl Freeman

Miss Helen Pendrill Charles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. St. J. Charles, of Newton House, Porthcawl, Glamorgan, who is marrying at Porthcawl on January 31 Mr. Adrian George Warner Holloway, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Holloway, of Winacres, Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire



Miss Rachel Barbara Beaghen, second daughter of the Rev. A. and Mrs. Beaghen, of the Abbey Vicarage, Malmesbury, Wilts, who is to marry Mr. Peter Rupert Neame Meers, son of the late Mr. R. H. Meers, and of Mrs. A.N. Meers, of Eastbourne, Sussex



Fennell, Dublin

Miss Audrey Pim, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Frank Pim, of Windgates, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, who is engaged to Captain H. A. P. Stephens, late 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, only son of Surgeon Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. E. Stephens, of Gwynfa, Tre-Addur Bay, Anglesey



D. R. Stuart

Miss Margaret Young and Mr. Linton Trevor Highett, M.C., who are to be married in the spring. Miss Young is the only daughter of the late Mr. A. F. Young, of San Paulo, Brazil, and of Mrs. Young, of Bracken End, Ampfield, Hants. Mr. Highett is the elder son of Major and Mrs. C. Highett, of Wainsford House, Lymington. He is a Double Blue at Cambridge, and will be captaining the lawn tennis side against Oxford this year



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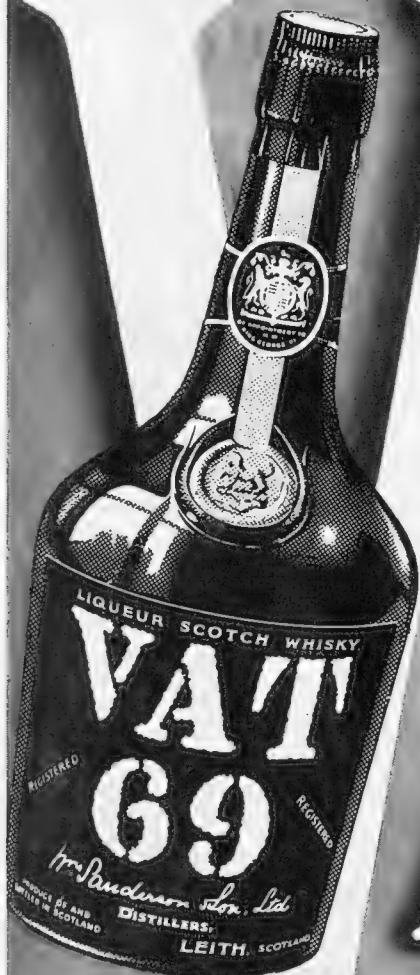
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MOTORING NOTES

From a Correspondent

THE Triumph 1800 is by no means Everyman's car, and certainly not Everywoman's, but for those, and there are many, who want extremely good open road performance, coupled with sporting and unusual appearance, this really new postwar car is a revelation.

The model recently tried out was the "Allweather Roadster." The description is fully justified. On the first day's trip the weather was dull and chilly so that full advantage was taken of the hood, the opening and closing of which caused not the slightest difficulty and indeed was performed in a matter of seconds.

Rain came on for a time and the luxury of three windscreen wipers (most unusual in British cars) was very acceptable.

I CAN commend very highly the comfortable seating arrangements. The front seat is of the bench-type variety, which I personally always regard as infinitely more comfortable than the bracket type, and it has a folding central arm rest for those who prefer it when travelling two and not three up. At the same time, there is enough room for three. Leg room is also ample for any normal person and quite a degree of adjustment is provided for both short and tall. This car is considerably more roomy than would appear at first glance.

A special feature is to be noticed in the tail, where there is very good luggage space. It contains in addition the spare wheel and two spare seats, which when not needed fold neatly away forwards and come to rest at the rear of the front seat. The tail is divided and the forward half may be used as a wind-screen for the passengers, as it is provided with two good sized Perspex panels.

The car was further tried out on a succeeding day in fine and warm conditions with the hood neatly folded away: visibility in such circumstances naturally being excellent.

AN opportunity arose of testing the manoeuvrability in a run through Winchelsea to Rye and beyond, Rye's narrow streets being navigated with no difficulty while the very sharp bends between those towns and Hastings were taken at high speed with ease. Incidentally, a speed approaching 80 m.p.h. was attained on the level without pushing the engine too hard.

For technically minded readers it may be interesting to note that the chassis design is unusual, a tubular frame on aircraft lines having been developed. This is naturally very resistant to torsional strain.

Rated at 14 h.p. approx. (1800 c.c., hence the title Triumph 1800), the car has a four cylinder overhead valve engine. Independent front wheel suspension from a single transverse spring is incorporated and is thoroughly satisfactory.

THE gearbox change speed control is fitted on the steering column. Coming straight from the normal placing of the gear lever it feels awkward for the first few minutes but with a little practice it becomes perfectly natural and quite easy to operate.

The braking is very good, steering is positive, and reasonably but not excessively lively for high speed driving.

A most interesting car in both appearance and performance. The price at time of writing, is £991 inclusive of purchase tax.



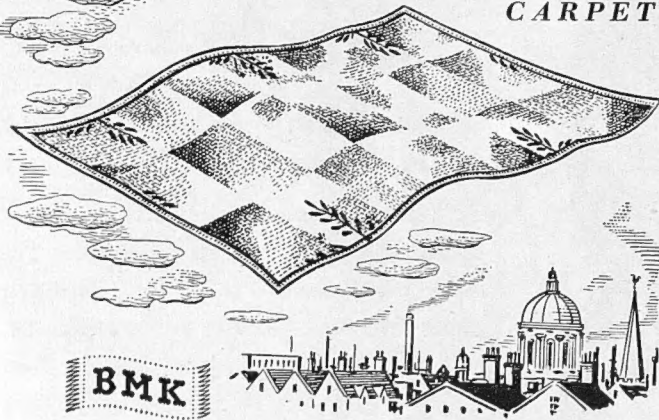
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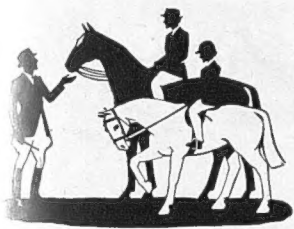


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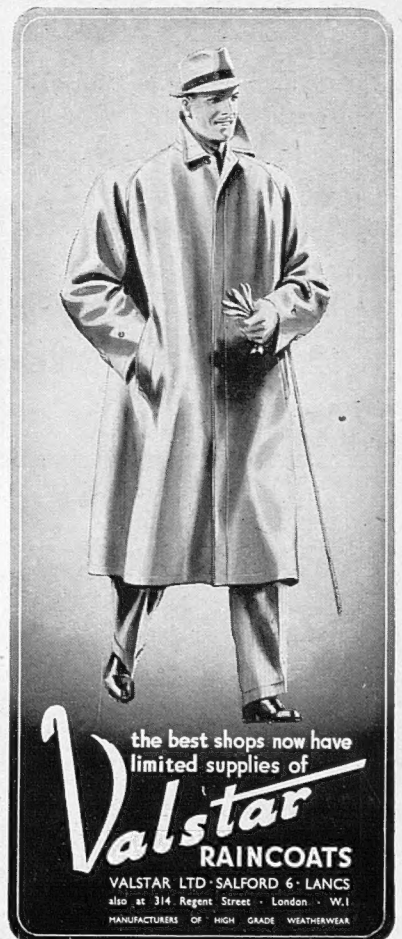
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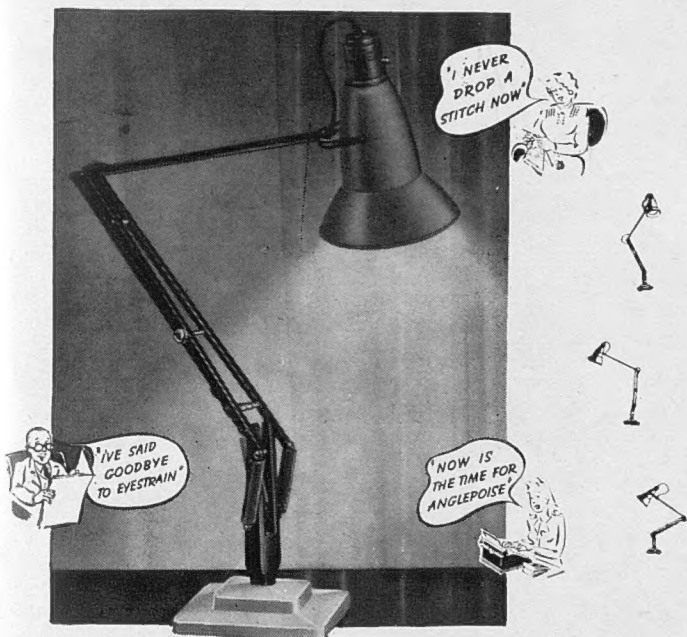
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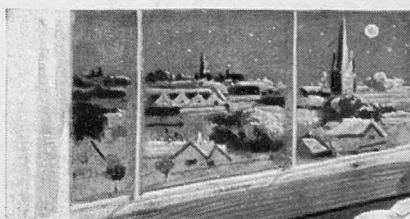
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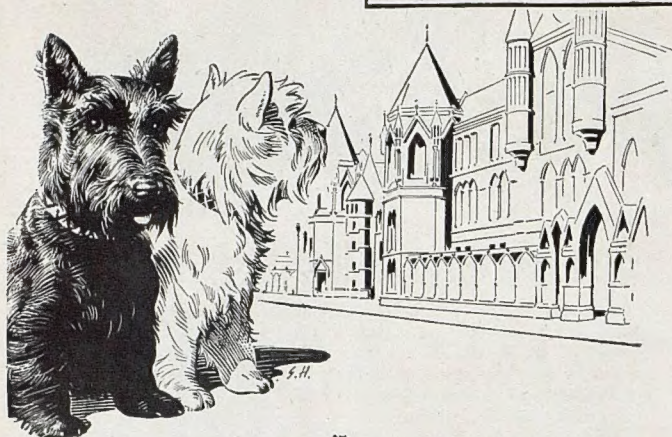
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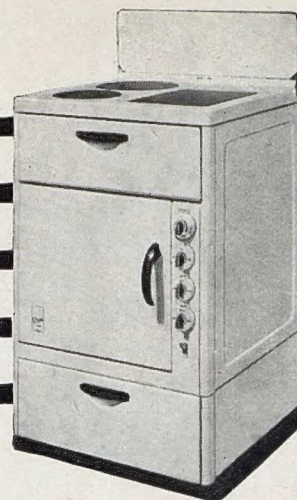
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